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JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

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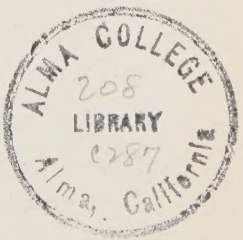

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John Henry, Cardinal Newman.*

BY

WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

He comes, by grace of his address,
By the sweet music of his face,
And his low tones of tenderness,
To melt a noble, stubborn race.

Y. H. N.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN was born in Old Broad Street, in the City of London, on February 21st, 1801. He was the eldest of six children, three boys and three girls. His father was of a family of small landed proprietors in Cambridgeshire. Mr. John Newman had an hereditary taste for music, which came out likewise in his famous son, and was a man of much general culture. It is said that the family was of Dutch Protestant extraction, and originally spelt their name Newmann. Mr. Newman married Jemima Fourdrinier, of a well-known Huguenot family, long established in the City of London as engravers and paper manufacturers, being himself a member of the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman and Co. This lady was from first to last loyal to her family traditions; and "all the early teaching of her children," says Mr. Mozley, "was that modified Calvinism which

* New and Revised Edition, 1894.

retained the *Assembly's Catechism* as a text, but put into young hands Watt, Baxter, Scott, Romaine, Newton, Milner."

In J. H. Newman's blood there must have been a strong tinge of Puritanism. "He expected," again says Mr. Mozley in his light style, "to be 'converted;' in due time he was converted, and the day and hour of his conversion he has ever remembered, and no doubt observed." The *Apologia*, which will always remain the chief authority for his inward life, deals more largely with these things. Newman says: "I was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course I had a perfect knowledge of my Catechism." The Bible he knew almost by heart. His mind and fancy woke together. For he goes on: "I used to wish the Arabian tales were true: my imagination ran on unknown influences, on magical powers, and talismans. I thought life might be a dream, or I an angel, and all this world a deception." In these words many have wished to discover a key to his after life. And it is certain that as a child he was strongly drawn to the supernatural and invisible.

Another curious prognostic of the future was that in his first Latin verse-book, when he was ten years old, he sketched an upright cross and a string of beads, getting the notion, as he supposed, from some romance of Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's—those mildly-daring ladies who preceded Walter Scott in returning to the Middle Ages and the Catholic Church for the scenery and incident of their tales. Walter Scott himself remained always an object of his admiration; nor can we doubt that his stories opened to the future Cardinal a vision of the ancient faith by which he was unconsciously influenced. On the other hand, at fourteen, he read Paine's *Tracts* against the Old Testament, and found pleasure in thinking of the objections they raised; he became acquainted with Hume's *Essays*, and copied out some French verses denying the immortality of the soul.

But in the autumn of 1816 a great change took place in him. He fell under the influence of a definite creed, and received into his intellect "impressions of dogma" which were never obscured. From the Calvinistic books he learnt the doctrine of "final perseverance." He believed that the inward conversion of which, as he wrote in 1864, "I still am more certain than that I have hands and feet," would last into the next life, and that he was elected to eternal glory. He felt a rooted distrust in the "semblance of a material world;" and to him there were two only "luminously self-evident beings;" himself and his Creator. He studied Thomas Scott of Aston Sandford, to whom, he said, "I almost owe my soul," and through his writings the dogma of the Trinity was planted deep in Newman's mind.

At sixteen, the youthful theologian was supporting each verse of the Athanasian Creed with texts from Scripture. Law's *Serious Call* helped to impress on him the idea of the warfare between the City of God and the powers of darkness. And on reading Milner's *Church History*, he became "nothing short of enamoured" of the long extracts it contained from the Fathers. For years he felt a drawing towards missionary work among the heathen (as did his brother Francis); and, connected with it, was the deep impression that he was called to a single life. Thus seventeen years before the Oxford Movement began, there were stirring in the heart of its leader those feelings and convictions of which the outcome, long after, was his submission to the Catholic Church.

There was another element, however, not at all compatible with the ancient teaching. From Newton *On the Prophecies* he learnt that the Pope was Antichrist and the "man of sin" foretold by Daniel, St. Paul, and St. John. That doctrine was the last to leave him; even in 1843 it had still a hold on his imagination, and became to him "a sort of false conscience." It was an application of the dogmatic principle, fatal indeed to Rome, and had nearly kept him in the toils of Protestantism.

Newman was sent to no public school; and we may be thankful that his sensitive nature, almost feminine in its delicacy, was not exposed to the ways of that barbarian life. He spent some time in an excellent school at Ealing, kept by Dr. Nicholas, to the head of which he rapidly rose. Thence he proceeded at seventeen to Trinity College, Oxford, where, in 1820, he graduated, taking a low class, in consequence of a sudden break-down in health, brought on by over-study. He had a passion for his first College, and spoke of it, when writing the *Apologia*, in affectionate terms, little dreaming that he should go back thither to receive the highest distinction which it could bestow.

But the turning point in his life was his election in 1822 as Fellow of Oriel. It came when his father was sinking under business embarrassments, and the family troubles were very hard to bear. To Oriel, Oxford, and England itself the consequences were, in the highest degree, momentous. Oriel was the most distinguished College of the University. It was the College of Raleigh and Butler. Among the Fellows were, or had been, Copleston, Whately, Hawkins, Davison, Keble, Arnold, Pusey, and Hurrell Froude. None of these names is altogether forgotten; those of Keble, Arnold, and Pusey, are likely to be remembered for generations. And Newman entered at a critical period in the fortunes of English religion.

The fresh influences under which he came were represented by Whately and Arnold on the one hand, by Keble and Hawkins on the other. Whately belonged to what was then called "the march of mind," or, in more ambitious phrase, "the Noetics." "For about the first thirty years of this century," says Mr. Pattison, "Oriel contained all the original intellect there was in the University." And not a little of that intellect was, in a narrow English fashion, taking to "free inquiry," which, when it came in contact with religion, was pretty sure to develop the anti-dogmatic principle and appear as "Liberalism"—if we may employ the term by which Cardinal Newman has always described it. "Liberal-

ism," he said in the famous address at the Palazzo della Pigna, on receiving the Cardinal's biretta, "is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another." Perhaps we may say that religious Liberalism gives to historic forms of belief a merely relative value, according to the circumstances which have produced them; and thus denies the perennial or supreme indefectible authority of any, be it Christian or non-Christian. We need not suppose that the "Noetics" grasped the consequences of their principle; but simply to recall such names as Whately, Arnold, Hampden, Baden Powell, and Blanco White, is to trace an influence running through the University which, after helping to expel Newman and degrade Ward, must be held responsible for the Oxford of Matthew Arnold and Arthur Clough, of Pattison and Jowett, and Mr. Max Müller.

In this series of events the Tractarian Movement is an episode which breaks but does not change the sequence. The Noetics of sixty years ago were direct ancestors of the Agnostics of to-day. And the first chapter of Newman's history is taken up with his efforts on behalf of the dogmatic principle—which he then identified with the English Church—against his early Liberal friends. But he lost the battle, and they drove him from Oxford.

He had become intimate with Dr. Whately during the years 1822 to 1826, first at Oriel, and then as his Vice-Principal at Alban Hall. "Whately," said Newman, "taught me to see with my own eyes and walk with my own feet." The quondam Low Churchman, who was still an Evangelical, learnt from him "that the Church was a substantive body or corporation." It was Whately that fixed in him "those anti-Erastian views of Church polity which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian Movement." To him, on the other hand, we must partly ascribe it that in 1825-7 Newman "was drifting in the direction of the Liberalism of the day," was "beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral," was using "flippant language

against the Fathers," and imbibing the sceptical spirit of Middleton in regard to the early Church miracles.

But it was not his destiny to become a Noetic. "I was rudely awakened from my dream," he writes, "at the end of 1827, by two great blows, illness and bereavement." In the same year he had been named one of the Examiners for the B.A. Degree. He was now Tutor of Oriel, and received from the College the living of St. Mary the Virgin. He "came out of his shell." In 1829, on occasion of Mr. Peel's re-election, he broke with Whately and they never were friends again. Long after they lived over against one another in Stephen's Green, Dublin—Whately as the Protestant Archbishop, and Newman as Rector of the Catholic University; but it was impossible that they should meet. And they never did.

Newman had taken Orders in 1824, and his first pastoral duties lay in the parish of St. Clement's. He soon began to make an impression on the mind of the University by his sermons; whilst as Tutor he was influencing in a marvellous fashion all the young men he came across. His own intellectual guide was Butler's *Analogy;* his friends were no longer the Noetics. Keble, whose *Christian Year* has become an Anglican classic, and R. H. Froude, did much to mould his beliefs on the pattern of the Fathers, and would fain have given their College the tone of an ecclesiastical seminary. But Provost Hawkins, who owed his election to him, took alarm at the views of the relation between tutor and pupils, which had been summed up in the phrase, "I consider the college tutor to have a care of souls;" and, rather than give way on this point, Newman—says Mr. Pattison—"resigned, or rather was turned out." From Hawkins himself he had learnt the doctrine of tradition upon which is founded the notion of a teaching Church, as likewise the habit of verbal precision which afterwards alarmed his fellow-Protestants as savouring of Jesuitic subtlety. Newman's resignation of his Tutorship was the beginning of the Oxford Movement. Whately, perhaps, had already seen round him "the

signs of an incipient party." It was now forming fast. That some great task was laid upon him, Newman, a strenuous believer in Providence, dimly discerned. His first volume, the *Arians of the Fourth Century*, was written; and on resigning his Tutorship he and Hurrell Froude went abroad.

He visited Rome, saw Mgr. Wiseman at the English College, explored Sicily, and was struck down with fever at Leonforte, where, as he lay ill, he kept saying, "I shall not die, I have a work to do." He recovered, and came home in July, 1833. During this journey, of which there is a graphic account in the *Apologia*, he composed a large number of the verses afterwards published, including *Lead, kindly Light*. It was a time when the revolutionary movement, springing out of the Three Days of July, seemed to be gathering force, and England herself was going over to Liberalism. On July 14, 1833, Keble preached the Assize Sermon at Oxford, and took for his subject, "National Apostasy." The impulse was given; and in a conference at Hadleigh, under the guidance of Mr. H. J. Rose, it was resolved to unite High Churchmen in maintaining the doctrine of Apostolic Succession, and preserving the Book of Common Prayer from Socinian adulterations.

It is neither necessary nor possible to repeat here the story of the Oxford Movement. Names like Rose, Perceval, H. Froude, Palmer, or Pusey, though counting for much in the revival of the Church of England, are of importance chiefly as connected with Newman. He it was that gave them a place in the world's chronicle. "Newman," says Mr. J. A. Froude, and not unfairly from his point of view, "has been the voice of the intellectual reaction of Europe, which was alarmed by an era of revolutions, and is looking for safety in the forsaken beliefs of ages which it has been tempted to despise." Chateaubriand, Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, F. Schlegel, Rosmini—differing as they did in character, fortune, and natural gifts—were also voices of what Mr. Froude terms "the reaction;" but upon English-speaking peoples they could none of them have

an influence such as has fallen to Newman's lot. His life and writings are the most enduring record of principles which, to use the Cardinal's own phrase, tend towards the "ultimate absorption" of the "various English denominations and parties" into the Catholic Church. But whilst the Vicar of St. Mary's was to carry the movement he had started to its logical conclusion, by a return to antiquity and the Apostolic See, the purely national elements which had been wrought into it remained Protestant. With astonishing frankness the *Guardian* has in these days acclaimed Newman as the Founder of the Church of England now actually existing. But it has not ceased to be an establishment; and Puseyism or Ritualism is but a party within its borders.

Mr. Newman now began the *Tracts for the Times* "out of his own head." At first short papers, they grew to be elaborate treatises; their aim being to uphold "primitive Christianity" as extant in the English Church. But all who wrote them were not of one mind. Was there no danger of Popery in exalting the powers of the priesthood and insisting on Apostolic succession? The idea of the Via Media, suggested by the history and antecedents of the Church establishment, and shadowed forth by divines of the Laudian School, began to take form and colour. In the *Tracts*, in the *British Critic*, in the *Lectures on Justification*, and the *Prophetic Office*, Newman gave it a coherent shape and a philosophy, discriminating at every step between the "sober" doctrines of his favourite authors as interpreted by an appeal to antiquity, and the excesses of Rome on the one hand as of Geneva and Wittenberg on the other. The scheme looked well on paper, but was impossible to work. Only a confused mind like that of Dr. Pusey could dwell for ever in a maze of subtleties where every word was doomed to have two meanings—one anti-Roman, the other anti-Protestant. But from 1833 to 1841 the unwearied genius of Newman was employed in dressing up this phantom. It made a stir and a show; and young men were taken by the

eloquence, enthusiasm, ascetic life, and wonderful charm of the leader whose position at Oxford was for a time not unlike that of Savonarola at Florence. The whole country was roused, but never at any moment had there been a probability of its following in the direction whither Newman pointed. From the beginning he fought a losing battle. But he fought it undauntedly.

In 1836 Dr. Hampden was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity by Lord Melbourne, who, good easy man, little dreamt that he was raising a storm about his ears. Dr. Hampden had preached the Bampton Lectures in 1832, and, to quote Mr. Mark Pattison again, "had applied the dissolving power of nominalistic logic to the Christian dogmas." It was not conceivable that his appointment should be unopposed. Mr. Newman brought out his *Elucidations of the Bampton Lectures;* and a vote of censure was passed by Convocation on Dr. Hampden, whose reply to Mr. Newman's strictures is one of the most curious, if not the most edifying, of clerical epistles. But Hampden became, in due course, Bishop of Hereford; and it was soon the Tractarians' turn to defend their position. Tract 80, of which Isaac Williams was the innocent author, gave great offence by recommending the "principle of reserve," or the *economy.* It was feared that little by little the Church of England would be secretly indoctrinated with Roman superstition. For years, however, Newman scouted the idea that his methods could lead to Rome. He felt supreme confidence in his position. He wrote many violent things against the living system which the Papacy controlled and embodied. He was sure that the Pope was Anti-Christ. He thought the unity of the Church rather a counsel than a precept; and nothing led him to study the Papal claims. On that road, by which so many have come into the Church, he had not thus far taken a step.

But a crisis was surely coming. In 1839, Dr. Wiseman, who had been watching the course of things from Rome and Oscott, and who already, in the *Dublin Review*, had

commented on the Oxford Movement, published a further article, drawing out the likeness between the Anglican position and that of the Donatists in the fourth century. It was put into Newman's hands. He read it, was not impressed, and was laying it down, when a friend pointed out to him some words of St. Augustine, quoted in the *Review*, which had escaped his notice: *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* His friend repeated them again and again. They rang in Newman's ears like the knell of his theory. "By those great words," he said, "interpreting and summing up the long course of ecclesiastical history, the Via Media was absolutely pulverised." His thought for the moment was, "The Church of Rome will be found right after all." But he determined to be guided by reason and not by his imagination; had it not been for this severe resolve, he declared he should have been a Catholic sooner than he was. If he must give up the Via Media, he could still fall back upon Protestantism, that is to say, upon his conviction that Rome had leagued herself with deadly error. While in this state of mind he wrote Tract 90, to show that subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles might be made in a Catholic, though not in a Roman, sense. He meant the Tract not as a feeler, but as a test. He did not wish to hold office in a Church that would not admit his sense of the Articles. The Tract appeared, and all England was in an uproar. It seemed as though a second Guy Fawkes had been discovered in the very act of setting fire to the time-honoured Establishment.

The actors in that drama have all disappeared; and it is now generally admitted, in the language of Prof. Froude, that "Newman was only claiming a position for himself and his friends which had been purposely left open when the constitution of the Anglican Church was formed." There could be no difficulty, and, as the event has proved, small danger, in showing that the Articles do not condemn the Council of Trent, which was not confirmed by the Pope till after their appearance, or the formal teaching of Rome on a middle state, or the Invocation of Saints, or even, in a certain

sense, the Eucharistic Sacrifice. But Newman, in restoring a lost historical view, was an innovator, and every one knows the penalty exacted from him. It is written in many books how he would not withdraw the Tract; how four leading tutors, including Mr. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, complained to the Hebdomadal Council; how Newman stated more fully his views in the *Letter to Dr. Jelf;* how the Board was asked to stay judgment for twelve hours and refused; how it condemned the Tract as evading the sense of the Articles and leading to the adoption of religious errors; how Newman publicly owned himself as its author in a letter to the Vice-Chancellor which was a pattern of frank humility; and how, on the Bishop of Oxford's desiring that the Tracts should come to an end, Newman submitted and gave up his place in the Movement. He had always been scrupulously obedient to his Bishop's voice. Nothing remained except to give up St. Mary's too—a step on which he had been for some time resolved—and go into "the refuge for the destitute," as he playfully termed it, which he was building out at Littlemore.

So far, Tract 90 had not been condemned by the Bishops. There was an "understanding" that Newman should pass judgment on it himself by writing to his Diocesan, which he did in a remarkable letter, unsaying nothing, but consenting to stop the Tracts. However, he and his party had come into collision with the nation; and in a little while one bishop after another began to charge against him. He recognised in their action that he stood condemned, and he felt it bitterly. To make things worse, his old unsettlement, begun by Dr. Wiseman and St. Augustine, returned upon him in studying the Arian history. "The ghost had come again." And by way of convincing him that, while the Roman Church was the heir of antiquity, the Establishment was root and branch heretical, there was added the grotesque affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric, founded conjointly by England and Lutheran Prussia. Against that measure he protested in his place as Vicar of St. Mary's. But

for him it was the beginning of the end. It proved that "if England could be in Palestine, Rome might be in England." From the close of 1841 he was on his death-bed as regarded his membership with the Anglican Church. Various lookers-on, Catholic and Protestant, thought him indeed like Charles II., "an unconscionable time dying;" but he must take his own way. He could not hasten faster than reason would let him.

He resigned St. Mary's in the autumn of 1843, and while his old friends of the Via Media were troubled about him, and could not understand his abandoning a view for which he had undergone so much, younger men of a cast of mind less congenial with his own, were coming round him, a new school of thought was rising, and was sweeping the original party of the Movement aside. The *Apologia* mentions only the accomplished and amiable Mr. Oakeley. But there are two other names connected with this stage of the movement, which have made themselves more widely known, although in opposite ways—I mean Dr. W. G. Ward and Mr. Mark Pattison. To such as these perhaps Cardinal Newman refers as "acute resolute minds, who knew nothing about the Via Media, but had heard much about Rome." It was Mr. Ward rather than Mr. Oakeley who, "by force of logic and a vigorous character," made Rome the keynote of the whole controversy. He it was that "cut into the original Movement at an angle, fell across its line of thought, and then set about turning that line" in his own direction. Ward was strictly logical; but to a person in Newman's state of bewilderment, for such it had now become, logic "had in it the nature of a provocation;" his own was a poetical, not a logical, temper, and he did not know what to say.

He had, however, advanced a long way towards Rome, when some months before resigning St. Mary's, he published in a country newspaper a retractation of the hard things he had uttered against Catholicism in his various writings. It was an act of boldness and humility

which has been seldom equalled. The retractation was afterwards inserted in the preface to his *Development of Christian Doctrine*, where it may still be read. By October, 1843, he could say in a letter: "It is not from disappointment that I have resigned St. Mary's, but because I think the Church of Rome the Catholic Church, and ours not a part of the Catholic Church because not in communion with Rome." He brought out his *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, and continued to edit the *Lives of English Saints*. And so he went on, in a kind of monastic seclusion at Littlemore, till 1845.

In February of that year, Mr. Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church* was condemned by the Oxford Convocation, and the author, in academic language, "degraded." His offence was that he claimed as a clergyman of the Establishment to teach the "whole cycle of Roman doctrine." In April the country was excited by Sir Robert Peel's proposal to endow Maynooth. In June, Sir Jenner Fust, the Dean of Arches, condemned Mr. Oakeley for holding the like tenets with Mr. Ward. It was time for Newman to go. His work *On Development* removed the last stumbling-blocks from his path; and, on October 9th, a day long memorable in the religious annals of England, this, the most distinguished of converts since the Reformation, was reconciled to the Church at Littlemore by Father Dominic, the Passionist. The scene has been often described, and not long ago by Cardinal Vaughan, in graphic and earnest words at the Conference in Birmingham, where the venerable Oratorian's last public utterance was recited amid impressive silence.

It was a great shock to the Church of England. The heart of the nation was moved; and men so unlike as Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli have borne witness to the alarm it produced and to its long continued effect on individuals. "To him, if to any one man," says Mr. Froude, "the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism." We must, at any rate, grant with him that "of the magnitude of the phenomenon itself no reasonable person can doubt." Causes were in

operation, apart from the personality of Newman, to bring about a second spring of the Church in England as throughout Europe. But the personality of Newman was, in its variety of gifts and power of fascination, transcendent. He has been compared in outward form and character to Cæsar, and in the fiery keenness of his thought to Dante. Much there was in him that resembled Cæsar, though in so different a sphere; his grace and clearness of speech, his loyalty to friends, his immeasureable daring, and his natural tone of supremacy. With Dante he never felt a conscious sympathy, and he could not read the *Divina Commedia*. Yet his own *Dream of Gerontius*, which will outlast everything but the *Apologia*, has many of the qualities characteristic of the Florentine.

What, indeed, gave his secession its unique value was the height to which he had risen as a complex and subtle genius, as poet, preacher, historian, controversialist, theologian, and saint. For he was all these at once, and in no common measure. And he manifested what he was in a lucid English that for transparency and depth, for the brightness of its irony, idiomatic strength, and tender pathos, remains at this day unapproachable.

The question that Newman brought home to the hearts and business of Englishmen was this: If so richly-endowed a mind can submit to Rome, what argument is left for the average intellect whereby to withstand those peremptory claims? If, again, not even his genius could save the Via Media, where is there standing-ground for the many who hate or despise the Papal Church, yet shrink from unbelief and desire to remain Christians? His conversion implied that the problems of the age, instead of being dwarfed to petty strifes about the meaning or non-meaning of articles, had assumed their true dimensions. The force on one side was religious Liberalism, ending in "each man his own church and his own creed;" while on the other there came forth an imperial, self-asserting authority, speaking in the name of a present Christ, and suffering neither

rival nor rebellion because it held the keys ot eternity. In his own person Newman had stated and resolved the great alternatives: either Christianity is a human invention destined to have its day, or the primal indefectible Christianity is the Roman Church. It was fitting, then, that he should have advanced to his conclusion by sure steps though slow, that logic, and history, and the voice of conscience should play their several parts, and the evidence be weighed, and objections tested, and passion laid to rest. What was done in those ten years between 1833 and 1843 was done once for all; and the track in the wilderness has grown to be a clear pathway since.

But though he shook, he did not convert, England. The innocent enthusiasts who hoped he would were as much in the wrong as Exeter Hall and the drivellers to whom a conquest of the nation, in spite of itself, by Popery, seems always impending. There was an unexampled secession of clergymen, amounting to hundreds; and with them came in course of years certain thousands of the laity. But the time was not ripe. If it took ten years to bring Newman himself, it may well take a century or two to bring the nation. To the multitude Newman's conversion was an event without a reason; to the coarse-minded it was the act of insanity. Well nigh twenty years were to elapse ere it found an explanation; and then by a happy concurrence of events Newman was allowed to speak, and his countrymen listened.

But before and after he had much to endure. The first half of his career, ending in 1845, was crowned by the grace of conversion which made amends for all his trials; the second, lasting nearly as long, seemed to him as though it lay under a heavy cloud for the greater part, and upon that too a grace came from the hand of religion. For his elevation to the purple had much in it of the joy and beauty of a new life, and gave him, as nothing else could, a home in the hearts of Catholics without distinction of school or party.

On February 23rd, 1845, he finally quitted Oxford, and was called to Oscott by Dr. Wiseman. He stayed

there till October, and then set out for Rome where he was to study before his ordination to the priesthood. His home was in the College of Propaganda; and he was soon presented to Pius IX., who had been struck by his devout attitude as he prayed at the Confession of St. Peter. He was ordained priest by Cardinal Fransoni; his plan of founding an Oratory of St. Philip Neri was approved; and he came back to England on Christmas Eve, 1847. He had no ambitious views, nor could he tell what was in store for him. He lived successively at Maryvale or Old Oscott, at St. Wilfrid's College, Cheadle, and at Alcester-street, Birmingham, where, on June 25th, 1849, the Oratory was established. He there spent, as Dr. Ullathorne bore witness, "several years of close and hard work," like the humblest and most heroic of missionary priests. A well-known episode was his charitable ministration at Bilston in 1849, with Father Ambrose St. John and another Oratorian, during a visitation of cholera. They went of their own accord when the Bishop had no other priests to spare. In 1850, the London Oratory was set up with Father Faber at its head; and the two houses became distinct and independent.

The restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in September of the same year, was to have important consequences for Father Newman. He preached his never to be forgotten sermon on *The Second Spring* at its opening Synod, held in the chapel of St. Mary's, Oscott,—a sermon which Macaulay is said to have known by heart and from which he used to recite in tones of enthusiasm. In the foolish excitement about the so-called "Papal Aggression," Father Newman did not escape the lot of his fellow Catholics. He was called on to give in the Corn Exchange at Birmingham, those eloquent and forcible *Lectures on the Position of Catholics* which, in their combination of humour, sarcasm, and close reasoning remind us of the strength, though they are free from the uncivil ruggedness, of Cobbett. How, in consequence of a certain page not to be found in the present editions, they brought Dr. Newman into court

on a charge of libel, is matter of history. The Protestant hero of the day was a profligate Italian monk, Dr. Achilli, who had repeatedly broken his vows, and who was then assailing in England the religion that had cast him out. It was required to set him down; and with a touch of his Ithuriel weapon Father Newman accomplished it. The case went before Lord Campbell and a jury; witnesses from Italy, Malta, and elsewhere, bore out the charges against Achilli to their full extent; but in the face of the evidence, Dr. Newman was found guilty. Even the *Times* declared that there had been a miscarriage of justice. On January 29th, 1853, Sir John Taylor Coleridge sentenced his old friend to a fine of £100, and imprisonment till it was paid. Paid of course it was instantly, but there remained the enormous costs, amounting to £12,000. From all parts of Europe, however, Catholics came forward with their contributions, in support of one who had gone through a most unpleasant task in obedience to duty, and with no personal motive. And Dr. Achilli was never heard of more.

In 1851, Dr. Newman was called from the Oratory, now established at Edgbaston, to be first Rector of the Catholic University in Dublin. The burden laid upon him was exceedingly great; and, to quote Dr. Ullathorne, his name was "the chief point of attraction" that drew together the elements out of which the new institution had to be formed. To his sojourn in Ireland the Cardinal always looked back with affection for the friends and gratitude for the sympathy which he there met with. He worked and wrote incessantly. His *Idea of a University* and *Rise and Progress of Universities* added to his fame. But the establishment in Stephen's Green has never had fair play. The problem of allowing Irish Catholics a University of their own has proved too difficult for more than one Government, and has decided the fate of Cabinets in our time. It was worse than making bricks without straw to carry on a University whose degrees the Government would not recognise; and Dr. Newman could only lay a foundation for the

future. His position, also, in reference to the Irish Bishops was novel and delicate. He came back, therefore, not unwillingly, in 1858, and henceforth was to live a secluded life in his study at Edgbaston.

If the work in Ireland, owing to circumstances, had not proved a success, there was another that ought to have done so, the abandonment of which, involuntary on Dr. Newman's part, has been a heavy blow to the Church in England. I mean the projected translation of the Holy Scriptures under his guidance. It was suggested or proposed to him by Cardinal Wiseman; and with characteristic energy he chose a company of writers, and began his own share of the undertaking. But from causes which have never been explained—publishers' interests, I believe, of some, but not of considerable, magnitude, were at stake—the translation was relinquished; and, unless Cardinal Newman has left behind him his own manuscript, the work is as though it had never been. Another severe disappointment was the failure of his scheme to establish an Oratory at Oxford, for which the ground had been secured. Propaganda was apprehensive that Dr. Newman's presence in Oxford might lead Catholics to imagine themselves absolutely free to send their sons thither. But an Oratory in Oxford over which Dr. Newman did not preside, would have fallen short of its purpose. He remained at Edgbaston; and there he set up a school which, so far as Catholic discipline would allow, was modelled upon the great public schools of England, and has turned out distinguished alumni.

We come now to the year 1864 and the *Apologia*. It is an oft-told tale, and perhaps the most interesting literary episode of the last half century. Nor by infinite repetition has it been staled. That impetuous anti-Catholic, Mr. Kingsley, in reviewing Mr. Froude's *History of England*, wrote in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1864, that "Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be: that cunning is the weapon which heaven has

given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so." The number containing this monstrous accusation was sent by the late Canon Walker, of Scarborough, to Dr. Newman, who might otherwise never have seen it. He could not, in justice to himself or the Catholic priesthood, allow such a charge to pass; and he drew Messrs. Macmillan's attention to it as "a grave and gratituous slander." Mr. Kingsley at once, to Dr. Newman's amazement, took on himself the authorship; but when asked for proof of what he had alleged, spoke in general terms of "many passages of your writings," and referred vaguely to one of the *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, preached in a Protestant pulpit and published in 1844, entitled *Wisdom and Innocence*. He added, "I am most happy to hear from you that I mistook (as I understand from your letter) your meaning; and I shall be most happy, on your showing me that I have wronged you, to retract my accusation as publicly as I have made it." He drafted a paragraph in which it was said, "Dr. Newman has by letter expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I had put upon his words. No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does, or does not mean by them. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him; and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of Truth, in this, or any other matter."

The page of criticism bestowed on this remarkable document when it came into Dr. Newman's hands, is one of the most brilliant he ever wrote. As a statement of fact, Mr. Kingsley's paragraph implied that Dr. Newman had been confronted with definite extracts from his works and had laid before Messrs. Macmillan his own interpretation of them. Nothing of the sort had been done. As an apology, it was even worse; for it left on the reader's mind an impression that by clever

verbal fencing the accused had got out of a charge that was substantially true. However, in spite of Dr. Newman's disapproval, it appeared with the omission of a couple of sentences in February. But the matter could not rest there. Dr. Newman published the correspondence and brought out its drift in certain *Reflections* at the end, which, with their exquisite irony and decisive argument, took the world by storm.

Mr. Kingsley had the misfortune to reply. His pamphlet, *What then does Dr. Newman mean?* was an indictment of the whole career of his adversary, and repeated, in "wild and hurtling words," the charge of insincerity he had for a moment withdrawn. He went so far as to say, "I am henceforth in doubt and fear, as much as an honest man can be, concerning every word Dr. Newman may write." This, in a famous metaphor, Dr. Newman justly called "poisoning the wells;" it was by anticipation making an answer impossible. But his critic had asked, "What does Dr. Newman mean?" —and the reply came in the shape of an autobiography which has been compared with the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, and which lifted the quarrel into regions where malice and slander could not subsist. "Away with you, Mr. Kingsley, and fly into space," were the parting words addressed to that unlucky writer, whose fault it had long been to parade himself, something too much, as the "chivalrous English gentleman;" and whose strict honour and *hault courage* received now a not undeserved castigation.

There is not a little to set us thinking in the success of the *Apologia*. Every one read it, and as each of the seven parts came out, between April 21st and June 2nd, the interest grew until the nation seemed to be listening with one accord. City clerks were seen studying it as they went down to their offices in the morning; it was the topic of conversation in drawing-rooms, and was referred to by preachers; and, on the Catholic side, it led to addresses of congratulation from the chapters and clergy of various dioceses at home and abroad. That his co-religionists should have thus welcomed it

was natural; but it does not speak well for the public at large that they waited twenty years to find a justification of Dr. Newman in the *Apologia*, when, so far back as his *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*, he had explained, with frank eloquence, the grounds with which his reading of history had furnished him for changing from one communion to another. Even now there are too many who speak and think of him as if he had never written anything but the *Apologia*.

Mr. Kingsley, indeed, was but giving expression to the prejudice that had long taken hold of the English public and made the charge of dishonesty plausible—though for no other reason than that "when much is imputed, much must be true." Or, if there was another reason, we must seek it in the scrupulous fidelity to conscience that prompted Newman, instead of breaking with the English Church as soon as he suspected it, to wait some six years lest imagination should deceive him. Nothing short of the *Apologia*, with its portraiture of the living intelligence by which, said Newman, "I write, and argue, and act," could give the key to his life. The English people at once accepted Dr. Newman's account of himself; they replied to Mr. Kingsley by admitting, in the words of Professor Froude, that "Newman's whole life had been a struggle for the truth," and they saw that "he had brought to bear a most powerful and subtle intellect to support the convictions of a conscience which was superstitiously sensitive." Henceforth, as regarded his Protestant fellow-countrymen, Dr. Newman's strangely appropriate motto was to be realised, *Cor ad cor loquitur*. He became the object of their veneration and attachment; they were proud of him; and, if I may so express myself, they condoned his change of religion for the sake of the personal qualities which they now prized at a transcendent value.

On the love and veneration of his Catholic brethren he might surely always count; but the times were difficult, discussion was rife, and men like Dr. Ward, whose ways of thought differed from his own, were not

altogether content with what they deemed his views, Dr. Newman, as modest as he was gifted, would publish nothing on formal theology after his submission to the Church. But he could not help writing on topics into which theology entered; and as he employed his own marked literary style rather than the scientific expressions with which many trained in the schools were familiar, it is not wonderful that there was sometimes room for misapprehension. He said long after, on receiving the purple, "I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of the saints —namely, that error could not be found in them; but what I trust I may claim throughout all I have written is this, an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve Holy Church, and through Divine mercy a fair share of success." If any doubted his "firm faith in the Catholic Church" or his "loyalty to the Holy See," they wronged themselves even more than this noble and single-minded genius, who had submitted to his Bishop, in Anglican times, as if he were the Pope, and who was ready, as Archbishop Ullathorne testified, to go beyond the slightest intimation of his superior's desire, where questions arose bearing on ecclesiastical duty.

The year 1869 arrived, and the Vatican Council began. Among those who had been invited to Rome as eminent theologians, fitted to advise the Holy See, was the great Oratorian. He declined; perhaps among other reasons, because he was engaged on the *Grammar of Assent*. But he took a keen interest in the Council's proceedings; and, when it was certain that the definition of the Pope's infallibility would be brought forward, friends for whom he was anxious, both Catholic and Anglican, urged him to use his influence on the other side. He doubted the expediency of a definition, not its possibility. As a matter of fact, he held and taught the doctrine itself, as he says, "long before the Vatican Council was dreamed of;" and he was able, in 1872, to quote the splendid rhetoric in which he declared "the

voice of him to whom have been committed the keys of the kingdom," to be "now, as ever it has been, a real authority, infallible when it teaches." Not, therefore, on the score of its erroneousness, nor at all on his own account, was Dr. Newman anxious; but he felt for those who came to him, and asked himself whether he ought not to make his feelings public.

In this frame of mind he wrote a letter to his Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, which was surreptitiously copied into the *Standard*. It could not but make a great stir. The author declared, truly enough, that it was a private letter, never meant for publication. And as he had not denied the Papal Infallibility before definition, he had no hesitation in accepting the decree of July 18th, 1870, which made it an article of faith. Very soon circumstances called upon him, not only to proclaim his belief in the dogma, but to explain and defend its scope and nature. The German bishops, headed by that saintly man, Von Ketteler of Mayence, who had opposed the definition, had afterwards submitted and fought for it as an integral part of the Catholic teaching against Prince Bismarck. In somewhat similar fashion the English champion was drawn into the arena, and acquitted himself as loyally.

In 1873 Mr. Gladstone's Government was overthrown on the Irish University question; and in 1874 a strong Conservative administration succeeded. It is not in Mr. Gladstone to endure defeat patiently; he was wrath with the Irish Bishops, whom he chose to look upon as acting under orders from Rome; and first in the pages of a magazine, and then in a pamphlet on the *Vatican Decrees*, of which one hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold in a few weeks, he turned and did what in him lay to rend the militant Catholicism which he deemed his foe. The question was, of course, whether a man who acknowledges the Pope can be loyal to the Queen. Mr. Gladstone did his best,—in the face, at all events, of much in English History,—to show that this was impossible. He took the "high priori" road of analysing documents and arguing in the ab-

stract, and declared that Rome had broken with ancient history and modern thought.

Catholics had no choice but to reply. There came a shower of pamphlets, and a call for Dr. Newman. The latter reluctantly took up his pen; he had no wish to engage in polemics with Mr. Gladstone or any one else. He might have declined, by saying in the words of the poet, "Mine is a time of peace." But he came forward once more; and his last considerable work, the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, showed that his hand had not lost its cunning, nor his eloquence its charm. As of old he was impressive, graceful, lucid, and winning. And the honours of the controversy remained with him; for Mr. Gladstone, in acknowledging the personal loyalty of "the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects," gave up the point for which he had contended. Lookers-on decided that he had taken nothing by his motion; and Pius IX. was heard to say that Dr. Newman had done well in answering him.

It was high time that the champion of the faith should receive those public honours which were his due. But the first recognition came from Oxford. In 1877 Dr. Newman was elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, which had been "dear to him from undergraduate memories." He returned, in a kind of triumph, to the University, after an absence of over thirty years. He became the guest of the President of Trinity, dined at the high table in his academic dress, and visited Dr. Pusey at Christ Church. Once before, since becoming a Catholic, he and Pusey and Keble had met at Hursley Vicarage, and dined there by themselves, September 13th, 1865. Keble was now dead, with the reputation of an Anglican Saint; and a college at Oxford, to which his old friend paid a visit, perpetuates his name and memory. When the second edition of his *Development* was ready, Dr. Newman dedicated it to the President and Fellows of the College that had restored him to Oxford. He preached there again in May, 1880; and when his unhappy friend of former days, Mark Pattison, was dying, he paid him a last affectionate visit at Lincoln College.

Only the crowning honour remained. Holy Church, too, would recognise the life-long devotion to truth, the humility and detachment from things below, which had given to John Henry Newman a spiritual authority far surpassing that of any English or perhaps European, writer of his time. In February, 1878, Pius IX. died and Leo XIII. succeeded. The eyes of the new Pontiff, who was raising distinguished prelates to the purple outside of Italy, were directed towards the studious recluse at Edgbaston; and early in 1879 it began to be rumoured that he had offered Dr. Newman a Cardinal's hat, and that the offer had been with great humility declined. A paragraph to this effect appeared in the *Times;* for a week or two the question "Cardinal or not Cardinal" roused an interest almost like that which had attended the *Apologia*, but it was set at rest by the statement that Dr. Newman had never declined the honour; that he had but laid reasons before the Holy Father why, at his age, and taking into account his way of life, such a change would be almost too great for him to bear; that Leo XIII. had replied in the kindest manner, allowing the new Cardinal every exemption, and promising that he should still live at Edgbaston; and that the journey to Rome was fixed. Addresses of congratulation began to pour in; and, wonderful to say, Protestant England felt that Leo XIII. was doing it an honour in naming a fresh English Cardinal. The change from 1850 was complete and astonishing. Dr. Newman seemed to be taking a nation with him into the Sacred College. The event was, not unreasonably, compared to the nomination of Cardinal Bessarion after the reconciliation of the Greeks at Florence; for, all things considered, it was not only a token of "Rome's unwearied love" to the English race, but a sign that the old No Popery feeling was, at length, dying away.

Dr. Newman set out for Rome, April 16th, 1879. He was accompanied by Fathers Neville and Pope, and arrived in the Eternal City on the 24th. The journey had tried him; and although he was strong enough to

be received by the Holy Father, who gave him a most cordial welcome, he suffered much during his stay in Rome. The formal announcement of his creation as Cardinal Deacon was conveyed to him on May 12th at the Palazzo della Pigna, where a brilliant throng of English and American Catholics, and of high dignitaries, lay and ecclesiastical, surrounded him. On that occasion he delivered an address which will be long remembered.

"First of all," he said, "I am led to speak of the wonder and profound gratitude which came upon me, and which is still upon me, at the condescension of love towards me of the Holy Father in signalling me out for so immense an honour. It was a great surprise. Such an elevation had never come into my thoughts, and seemed to be out of keeping with all my antecedents. I had passed through many trials, but they were over, and now the end of all things had almost come to me, and I was at peace. And was it possible that, after all, I had lived through so many years for this? Nor is it easy to say how I could have borne so great a shock, had not the Holy Father resolved on a second condescension towards me, which tempered it, and was to all who heard of it a touching evidence of his kindly and generous nature. He felt for me, and he told me the reasons why he had raised me to this high position. His act, he said, was a recognition of my zeal and good service in the Catholic cause. Moreover, he judged it would give pleasure to English Catholics, and even to Protestant England, if I received some mark of his favour. After such gracious words from his Holiness, I should have been insensible and heartless if I had had scruples any longer."

He went on, in words already quoted, to claim for what he might have written, not immunity from error, but an honest intention and a temper of obedience. And then he spoke of the one great mischief to which he had from the first opposed himself. For thirty, forty, fifty years he had resisted, to the best of his powers, Liberalism in the Church; and he renewed his protest

now against the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion. It was a teaching which was gaining force daily. People were bent on solving the problem of securing the submission of the masses to law and order without the aid of Christianity. This great apostacy threatened in England a formidable success. Nevertheless, he had no fear, for he believed in the ultimate triumph of the Church over the secular principle.

Such was the address of which Dr. Pusey wrote: "It was a beautiful speech; the old John Henry Newman speaking out the truth, yet not wounding a single heart." The sensation it created was due no less to the consistency of a life's history than to the strength and boldness of its enunciations. Once more, its author, in protesting against the revolt from authority, brought the question of this age, and of all ages, to an issue. He had said in 1850 to his Anglican friends, "We must either give up belief in the Church as a divine institution altogether, or we must recognize it in the communion of which the Pope is the head;" and that "the question lies between the Church and no divine messenger at all; there is no revelation given us unless she is the organ of it; for where else is there a prophet to be found?" And now he pointed out to the world at large that, if they dreamt of taking the other alternative, and holding that there is "nothing positive, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we are going," they would find the logic of facts too strong for them and anarchy the inevitable consequence.

The Holy Father assigned to him the ancient Church of San Giorgio in Velabro as his title, so that he had now become the Cardinal of St. George. He took leave of Rome at the beginning of June; and after a slow journey, broken at Pisa by illness, came back on July 1st to his devoted people at Edgbaston. The ceremony of receiving him was extremely touching, and when he spoke of coming home for good, to stay there until he should be called to his long home, many were moved to tears. He changed nothing of his simple habits of life. Addresses came from the English hierarchy, from the

Catholic University in Dublin, from colleges and institutions all over the land, from his own congregation, from America, and from far away New South Wales. To each he returned a word of graceful thanks. Later on, he was present at the consecration of the new London Oratory, a remarkable era in the development of Catholicism among us. He published an essay on the Inspiration of Scripture which was indirectly occasioned by M. Renan's *Souvenirs de Jeunesse;* and he gave a short but effective answer to Dr. Fairbairn, who had revived, in a haze of metaphysical discussion, the obsolete charge that Cardinal Newman's governing idea was scepticism. During his last years the strength of the master began to fail him, although his mind lost none of its clearness, and he retained an interest, as ever, in the questions and controversies of the day. Writing became a physical effort, but not until his task had been quite fulfilled. The revised edition of his works, including even his laborious version from St. Athanasius, was complete; and he could wait in happy resignation for the end. The picture of his life at the Oratory, with its long hours of meditation, busy correspondence and calm poetic solitude, had an attraction of its own for the world outside, which increased as years went on. When the Catholic Conference met in July, 1890, his last public act was to receive a deputation from them, and to express the interest he felt in the Catholic Truth Society. He spoke almost like a shadow from beyond the grave.

And so he died, after less than two days' illness, of an attack of pneumonia, a few minutes before nine, on Monday night, Aug. 11th, 1890. For some hours he had lain unconscious. His last whispered words were the Christian name of his dear friend, Fr. William Neville, who had tended him during his declining years. Once again the heart of England was stirred; on every side men bore witness to his faith and piety, even more than to his genius. No public man of our century has evoked a more truly national recognition on his departure; and this man, it was remarked, was a Roman

Catholic priest and a Cardinal. For the place of his interment, he had chosen a sequestered nook at Rednal, eight miles from Birmingham, near the little country house he had built there for the Fathers. In the same grave, his friend Fr. Ambrose St. John, who, for two-and-thirty years, as he wrote, had been his life under God, was already laid to rest. There, on Aug. 19th, 1890, the great Cardinal was buried, amid the tears of thousands, while the English-speaking races all over the world joined, without distinction of creed, in the tribute of reverence paid to him.

To speak of the forty volumes in which his message to the world is contained, would be impossible now, if I am to do them justice. They range through all the forms of literature and touch upon innumerable questions. Occasional in their origin, and often hurried in their composition, each of them has still the highly-wrought finish proper to a classic, and, whether the movement of their periods be solemn or swift, their graceful poise, and consummate ease of expression are such, that a reader may well believe he has something like the finest Greek prose before him. A wonderful light dwells upon the pages of the *Oxford Sermons*, the *Essay on Justification*, the *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*, and the *Dream of Gerontius*. In the Catholic period of his life there seems added a deep warm colouring, and a power of terrible imagery, as though the stern drawings of an Albert Dürer had been suddenly quickened into Dantean life, and had caught the hues of Italian genius. Newman's Anglican writings are clear and cold; when he became a Catholic, it was like going into a Southern atmosphere, all glow and sunshine: his nature expanded, his eloquence took fire, and the passionate energy that had been seeking for an object found it in preaching the visible kingdom of Christ. He wrote of men and their ways with an intimate overwhelming knowledge; history was to him a present drama; and whilst, in the art of marshalling facts and grouping characteristic personages he owed something to Gibbon, the enthusiasm which enabled

him to live past ages over again was all his own. But to the last he was a denizen rather of the ancient Church than the modern, though never a mere antiquarian; he was at home with the Basils and the Gregories, and moved up and down the early centuries like one to whom they were a familiar inheritance. The story of *Callista*, the *Church of the Fathers*, and the charming *Historical Sketches* reproduce in vivid outline a world quite different from the present.

With later centuries, on the whole, he had little in common; mediæval or modern literature did not draw him their way. He was a finished Greek and Latin scholar; but though he read French and Italian, they hardly interested him; and Dean Stanley's epigram marks him entirely a stranger to German. These limitations extend to something more than language. At no time did Cardinal Newman busy himself with the details, whether of critical problems in Bible literature, or of scientific, such as Darwin has raised, bearing on religion in general. Although he was the first English writer that uttered the word "development," anticipating Mr. Spencer no less than Darwin himself, he never entered publicly into the questions suggested thereby in the history of the race or the globe. He declined the invitation of the Committee for revising the English New Testament, on the ground that he had not made the text of the sacred volume his special study. Nor again was he versed in the technicalities of the school. He stood outside the contemporary movements which are represented, on the one side, by the revived study of St. Thomas Aquinas, and on the other, by the "worship of Goethe," and the widespread influence of French and German culture.

When he wrote of Liberalism, he dwelt upon Lord Brougham rather than Mr. Carlyle. Little will be found in the *Grammar of Assent*, to indicate that he lived amid the growth of agnostic teaching, or the ravages of scientific atheism, although a phrase here and there betrays how closely he was watching the downward course of events. But he contented himself with sug-

gesting principles which make unbelief and hesitation about the fundamental truths impossible to a religious mind. To the irreligious he did not address himself. His conviction was that at no time had "the world" hearkened to the Divine message, or the flesh ceased to lust against the spirit. Among the closing words of his life we find a severe denunciation of that world as Antichrist, as a false prophet whose weapons are a deluding philosophy, a lascivious literature, and an ingrained cynicism. He did not hope to convert it; he could only protest that it was not of the truth.

But, one thing he did, with such triumphant success that it need not be done again. He showed that the question of Rome is the question of Christianity. Taking Bishop Butler's great work for his foundation, he applied to the Catholic Church that *Analogy* which had proved in the Bishop's hands an irrefragable argument. As, if we hold the course of Nature to be in accordance with reason, we cannot but allow that natural and revealed religion, proceeding as they do on similar laws, and by like methods, are founded on reason too—so, if once we admit that in the Bible there is a revelation from on high, we must come down by sure steps to Rome and the Papacy as inheriting what the Bible contains. To demonstrate this was to make an end of the Reformation, so far as it claimed authority from Scripture, or kindred with Christ and His Apostles. When John Henry Newman arrived at the conclusion and followed it up by submitting to Rome, he undid, intellectually speaking, the mischief of the last three centuries. And he planted in the minds of his countrymen a suspicion, which every day seems ripening towards certitude, that if they wish to remain Christians they must go back to the rock from which they were hewn, and become once again the sheep of the Apostolic Shepherd. Cardinal Newman has done this great thing; and its achievement will be his lasting memorial.

We cannot but hope that, with his own Gerontius, the mighty spirit is now saying:

I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed,
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself
And ne'er had been before.

Surely he has seen his desire, and leaving shadows, is at rest in the truth, "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem."

EXTRACTS FROM THE WRITINGS

OF

ST. IRENÆUS,

(Bishop of Lyons, A.D. 178.)

On the Church, the Primacy, and Apostolic Tradition.

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PREFACE.

ST. IRENÆUS, Bishop of Lyons, was born in Asia Minor c. A.D. 120. He went to Gaul during the persecution under Marcus Aurelius, and succeeded Pothinus, the martyred Bishop of Lyons, A.D. 178.

"Irenæus," says Dr. Lightfoot, the late Protestant Bishop of Durham, "was a scholar of Polycarp, and Polycarp was a scholar of St. John. Irenæus remembered well the discourses of his master, as Polycarp did those of the Apostle. . . . Irenæus was probably the most learned Christian of his time. He had travelled far and wide. . . . He was in constant communication with foreign Churches on various subjects of ecclesiastical and theological interest" (*Apost. Fathers; St. Ignatius*, vol. i. p. 377). He suffered martyrdom, with many others, A.D. 202.

Of his great work "*Against the Heresies*," in five books, the Protestant Prof. Lipsius, of Jena, remarks :—"We possess it entire in the Latin version only, which however, must have been made from the Greek original very soon after its composition, since the Latin text was used by Tertullian some ten years afterwards. . . . The slavish literality with which the translator represents the Greek work before him imparts to his version a very high value. . . . Besides this Latin version . . there was also a Syriac translation, of which various fragments have been preserved. . . . The almost entire agreement between these Syriac fragments and the old Latin version is a further testimony to its genuineness and fidelity" (Smith and Wace's *Dict. of Christ. Biog. and Literat.*, art. "Irenæus"). The original Greek text of the first book has been preserved in the "*Philosophumena*," formerly attributed to Origen; and various fragments of the others in the writings of Eusebius, St. Epiphanius, and Photius.

The following extracts have been selected, partly from the English translation of St. Irenæus' works published in Clark's *Ante-Nicene Christian Library*, and partly from those contained in vol. i. of Dr. J. Waterworth's "*Faith of Catholics*"; but, in the well-known passage (iii. 3) regarding the Primacy of the Roman Church, a translation differing slightly from that given in either of the above-named works has been adopted—the reasons for which different rendering are briefly explained in the notes.

Extracts from the Writings of St. Irenæus

(Bishop of Lyons, A.D. 178),

On the Office, Prerogatives, and Marks of the Church; The Primacy of the Apostolic See; and the Authority of Apostolic Tradition.

"The Church, though spread over the whole world, to the earth's boundaries, having received, both from the apostles and their disciples, the faith in one God, the Father Almighty, . . . and in one Christ Jesus, that Son of God who was made flesh for our salvation, and in the Holy Spirit; . . . having, as I have said, received that preaching and this faith, the Church, though spread over the whole world, guards it sedulously, as though *dwelling in one house;* and these truths she uniformly holds, as having but *one soul,* and *one* and the same *heart;* and these she proclaims and teaches, and hands down uniformly, as though she had but *one mouth.* For though, throughout the world, the languages are various, still the force of the tradition is *one and the same* (ἡ δύναμις τῆς παραδόσεως μία καὶ ἡ αὐτή). And neither do the Churches founded in Germany, nor those in Spain, in Gaul, in the East, in Egypt, in Africa, nor in the regions of the middle of the earth [the Churches of Jerusalem and Palestine] believe or deliver a different faith; but as God's handiwork, the sun, is one and the same throughout the universe, so the preaching of the truth shines everywhere, and enlightens all men that wish to come

to the knowledge of the truth. Nor does he who, among the rulers in the Churches, is more powerful in word, deliver a different doctrine from the above (for no one is above his teacher) nor does he who is weak in speech weaken the tradition. For the faith being one and the same, neither he who has ability to say much concerning it, hath anything over, nor he who speaketh little, any lack. . . *The whole Church has one and the same faith throughout the whole world,* as we have explained above."—*Adv. Haer.* lib. i. c. 10, n. 1–3.

"The truth proclaimed by the Church *is immovable*" (*Ib.* c. 9, n. 5). He opposes this one and immovable faith of the Church to "the inconstant opinions" of the Gnostic heretics* (*Ib.* c. 11, n. 1).

"All those who in any way corrupt the truth, and injuriously affect the preaching of the Church, are the disciples and successors of Simon Magus of Samaria" (*Ib.* c. 27, n. 4).

At the end of his second book, Irenæus promises to "devote a special book to the Scriptures referred to [by orthodox and heretics alike]. . . that I may not be thought to avoid that series of proofs which may be derived from the Scriptures of the Lord;" and in the Preface to his third book, he says:—"In this, the third book, I shall adduce proofs *from the Scriptures,*† so that

* "Many *offshoots* of numerous heresies have already been formed from those heresies we have described. This arises from the fact that numbers of them,—indeed, we may say all—desire themselves to be teachers, and to break off from the particular heresy in which they have been involved"—*Lib.* i, c. 28, n. 1.

† Dean Goode and other Protestant writers cite with much confidence the following words from the beginning of the 3rd Book, in support of their doctrine regarding the all-sufficiency of Holy Scripture as the Rule of Faith:—"By no others have we come to the knowledge of the plan of our salvation, but those through whom the Gospel came to us; which they then preached, but afterwards, by the will of God, delivered to us in the Scriptures, to be the foundation and pillar of our faith" (L. iii. c. 1).

In this passage, however, Irenæus is not speaking of the books of the New Testament in general, but solely of *the four Gospels* of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,—of each of which he proceeds to make special mention; urging against the heretics:—"And all

I may be behind in nothing of what thou hast enjoined; yea that over and above what thou didst reckon upon,* thou mayest receive from me the means of combatting and vanquishing those who, in whatever manner, are propagating falsehood. . . Faithfully and strenuously shalt thou resist them in defence of the only true and life-giving faith, which the Church has received from the Apostles and imparted to her sons."—*Prŏem.* in lib. iii.

"When [these heretics] are convicted out of the Scriptures, they turn round and blame the Scriptures themselves, as not being accurate, as not being from authority, and as being variously expressed, and because the truth cannot be found out of them who may be ignorant of tradition;† for that truth was handed down

these have taught us that there is one God, the Maker of heaven and earth; and one Christ the Son of God." He is not maintaining the all-sufficiency of the four written Gospels as the Christian Rule of Faith, but that they plainly set forth two elementary articles of that Faith, which the heretics rejected.

* This shows the falsity of Dean Goode's statement (*Divine Rule of Faith*, etc., 1842, v. ii. p. 279), that it was only "incidentally, and beyond his professed design," that St. Irenæus refuted the heretics by means of Apostolic Tradition. The Protestant Professor Lipsius, of Jena, in his learned article on Irenæus, in Smith and Wace's *Dict. of Christ. Biog. and Literat.*, vol. iii., says:—"Like their opponents, the Gnostics also appealed to Scripture in support of their peculiar doctrines. Nay, it would even seem that the Gnostics were the first to make for that purpose a profitable appeal to the Scriptures of the New Testament. . . In the controversy with them, refutation out of the Scriptures was not sufficient. Both parties appealed to it in support of their opinions. The victory was doubtful, at least it was disputed" (*Op. Cit.* pp. 269, 271).

† "But this teaching," says Lipsius, "is identical with that of Irenæus himself, who maintains that then only can we understand the Scriptures, when possessed of, and guided by, the true Tradition. And this true tradition he insists in finding in the rule of faith (κανὼν τῆς ἀληθείας, *Regula Fidei*), as contained in" [but assuredly not as limited to] "the Baptismal Confession of the whole Church" (i. 9, 4: comp. 22, 1).

"In this way Irenæus obtains at last a sure note or token by which to distinguish the general Apostolical tradition (ἡ ὑπὸ τῆς ἐκκλησίας κηρυσσομένη ἀλήθεια, i. 9, 5; *præconium ecclesiæ*, v. 20, 2; *apostolica ecclesiæ traditio*, iii. 3, 3; or simply παράδοσις, *traditio*, i. 10, 2; iii, 2, 2, and frequently) from the so-called Apostolical

not by letters but by a living voice; and that on this account Paul said, *But we speak wisdom among the perfect*, etc. And this wisdom each one of them declares, is that which he has invented of himself; . . for each one of them, in his utter perverseness, is not ashamed to preach up himself, perverting the rule of truth.

secret doctrine to which the Gnostics made their appeal. The Baptismal Confession (or *Credo*) acquired its complete form only through the conflicts of the Gnostic controversy. In the writings of Irenæus, as in those of others his contemporaries, it is cited in various, now longer, now shorter, forms. . . . To the pretended secret doctrine of the latter [tradition of heresy] is opposed the public preaching of the faith of the Apostolic Churches; to the mutability and endless varieties of Gnostic doctrines the unity of the Church's teaching; to their novelty her antiquity, and to their endless subdivisions into schools and parties the uniformity and universality of her traditional witness. That only which, from the times of the Apostles, has been handed down in unbroken tradition by the elders of the Church, and publicly and uniformly taught in the Churches, . . . that alone is the Christian Apostolic truth" (Smith and Wace, iii. p. 271).

That, in controversy with the Gnostics and other heretics of his time, St. Irenæus should have specially referred to the elementary articles of faith—denied by the heretics—that are contained in the Baptismal Creed, most assuredly does not prove that he regarded that Creed as containing the entire Apostolic *depositum*. Had the controversy been about such matters as the Canonicity or Inspiration of Scripture, Infant Baptism, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Prayers for the Dead, etc., etc., St. Irenæus' appeal to the *Tradition of the Apostles* and *the voice of the Living Church* would doubtless have been equally loud, valid, and conclusive. In fact, the *general principles* that he lays down, regarding the authority of Tradition and the Teaching Office of the Church, were clearly applicable against heretics of any kind, or of any subsequent age.*

To the absurd Protestant contention,—which even Lipsius seems to support,—that when Irenæus, Tertullian, and other early Fathers speak of the "Rule of Faith," or of "Tradition," they referred solely to the Baptismal Creed, or to such articles of the faith as are expressed therein,—it may suffice to answer:—that much more than this was included in those "*mysteries of the kingdom of heaven*" which our Lord communicated to His Apostles, and of which St. Paul declares the Pastors of the Church to be the "*stewards*" (see

*As regards his doctrine on the Real Presence, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and the intercessory office and dignity of the B. Virgin, as the Second Eve,—See Waterworth's *Faith of Catholics*, vols. ii. and iii.

"But when, on the other hand, we challenge them to *that tradition which is from the Apostles, which is preserved in the Churches through the successions of Presbyters* [*Bishops*], they are averse to tradition, saying, that being not only wiser than the Presbyters [Bishops], but even than the Apostles, they themselves have discovered the genuine truth. . . Thus it turns out that, at last, they consent *neither to the Scriptures nor to Tradition.*"—*Adv. Haer.* L. iii. c. 2, n. 1, 2.

"Wherefore, in every Church there is, for all those who would fain see the truth, at hand to look unto, the Tradition of the Apostles made manifest throughout the whole world; and we have it in our power to enumerate those who were, by the Apostles, instituted Bishops in

Mark, iv. 11; Luke, viii. 10; 1 Cor. iv. 1);—that knowledge of more than the articles of the Baptismal Creed was referred to by Christ in the words:—"I have many things to say unto you; but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, *He will guide you into all the truth*" (John, xvi. 12); and in His final Commission to the Apostles:—"Go ye, therefore, and disciple all nations; baptizing them; . . *teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you*" (Matt. xxviii. 20).

The same is implied, surely, in St. Paul's words to the Bishops assembled at Ephesus:—"I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God" (Acts. xx. 27); as also in all those passages of the New Testament in which the belief—fixed, definite, and objective—of the Church is referred to as "*the faith,*" "*the faith of the Gospel,*" "*the common faith,*" "*the faith once delivered to the Saints,*" "*the one faith,*" "*the truth,*" *the truth of the Gospel,*" "*the way of truth,*" "*the doctrine,*" "*the doctrine of the Apostles,*" "*the form of doctrine delivered,*" "*the form of sound words,*" "*the commandments of us the Apostles,*" "*the word of God,*" "*the word of God which we preach,*" "*that which is committed to the trust*" *of the Church's pastors;* etc. See 1 Tim. iv. 1; vi. 10, 21; Philip. i. 27; Tit. i. 4; Jude 3; Ephes. iv. 4, 5; Gal. iii. 1; ii. 5, 14; v. 7; 1 Tim. iii. 15; 2 Pet. ii. 2; 2 John 9, 10; Acts ii. 42; Rom. vi. 17; 2 Tim. i. 13; 2 Pet. iii. 2; 1 Thess. ii. 13; Rom. x. 8; Heb. v. 13; Tit. i. 9; 1 Tim. vi. 20; 2 Tim. i. 13, 14; etc.

It was clearly of the whole body of revealed truths, and not only of those elementary ones that are set forth in the Baptismal Creed, that St. Irenæus spoke, when he declared that "unto *the Church,* as into *a rich depository,* the Apostles committed *all things whatsoever are of the truth,*" etc.

the Churches, and the successors of those Bishops down to ourselves; none of whom either taught or knew anything like the wild opinions of these men. For if the Apostles had known any hidden mysteries, which they apart and privately taught the perfect only, they would have delivered them to those, before all others, to whom they entrusted the very Churches. For they sought that they whom they left as successors, delivering unto them their own post of government, should be especially perfect and blameless in all things; whose upright discharge of their office would be of great profit, as their fall would be a great calamity.

"But, as it would be a very long task to enumerate, in such a volume as this, the successions of all the Churches; by pointing out that tradition which the greatest and most ancient, and universally known *Church of Rome*—founded and constituted by the two most glorious Apostles Peter and Paul—derives from the Apostles, and that faith announced to all men, which has come down to us through the succession of her Bishops, we confound all those who in any way, whether through self-complacency or vain glory, or blindness and perverse opinion, assemble otherwise than as behoveth them. *For with this Church,* on account of her more powerful Headship (supremacy),† it is necessary that every*

* Ad hanc enim Ecclesiam propter potentiorem principalitatem necesse est omnem convenire Ecclesiam, hoc est, eos qui sunt undique fideles; in quâ semper ab his qui sunt undique, conservata est ea quæ est ab Apostolis traditio.

† Dr. Sam. Davidson (an eminent Protestant writer) renders the passage: "With this Church, on account of its prëeminence, it is necessary that every Church should agree, because in it has been preserved the tradition received from the Apostles" (*Sacred Hermeneutics*, p. 86). The Protestant translators in Clarke's *Ante-Nicene Christian Library*, render:—"For it is a matter of necessity that every Church should agree with this Church, on account of its pre-eminent authority,—that is, the faithful everywhere." The word "*principalitatem*" is well explained by St. Augustine's declaration, that "In the Roman Church *the headship* [*supremacy*] *of the Apostolic See* has always been in force"—in quâ semper Apostolicæ Cathedræ viguit *principatus*.—Epist. xliii. For a very full discussion of the whole passage, see

Church—that is, the faithful who are everywhere—should agree [or, *be in communion*]*; in which Church* [or, *in communion with which Church*] *has always been preserved, by the faithful everywhere, that tradition which is from the Apostles.*"—Lib. iii. c. 3, n. 1, 2.

"The Blessed Apostles, therefore, having founded and built up that Church, committed [*or*, transmitted]* the

Schneemann's *Sti Irenaei de Eccles. Rom. Principatu Test. Comment. et Defens.*, Friburg, 1870. The reader may also refer to my small compilation, entitled "*Cathedra Petri*," 3rd edit., pp. 71–73, 91–97.

The words "*convenire ad hanc ecclesiam*," which have been rendered "agree with," "conform to," "be in communion with this Church" (of Rome), are acknowledged by the Protestant writers—Salmasius, Thiersch, Stieren, and others, to refer to *doctrinal* concurrence or agreement with the Church of Rome. See Schneemann, Op. cit., p. x. *sq.* or "*Cathedra Petri*" pp. 92, *sq.*

In the words "*qui sunt undique fideles*," Irenæus uses "*undique*" as equivalent to "*ubique*" (παντα χοῦ), as in other passages of his work. Comp. l. iii. c. 24, n. 11. with l. i. c. 10, n. 2. In the text he uses the words "qui sunt undique fideles" as equivalent to "omnem ecclesiam;" and that by the latter term he meant *every Church throughout the world*, is shown by his previous use—in the same chapter—of the words "*in omni ecclesiâ*," *in toto mundo*," "*omnium ecclesiarum.*" He is all throughout speaking of the Church "quæ est universa, unam et eandem fidem habens in universo mundo" (See Lib. i. c. 10, n. 3; l. iii. c. 12, n. 7 and 24; l. iv. c. 33; c. 35, n. 3; etc.

The words "*in quâ semper*," etc., are rendered by Döllinger "*in which communion;*" and by Möhler, "*for through it.*" The translator of Irenæus often uses "*in*" for "*per.*" See Schneemann, Op. cit., p. xxix. note.

* Ἐνεχείρισαν—*tradiderunt.* Irenæus is expressly speaking of Bishops "whom the Apostles *left as their successors* (in the Churches), *delivering unto them their own post of government.*" Like other early Fathers, he regarded SS. Peter and Paul as the first Bishops, as well as Founders, of the Roman Church. St. Hegesippus, A.D. 160, says expressly: "In Rome, *Peter and Paul* were the first, both Apostles *and Bishops.*" And again:—"The succession of the Bishops of Rome was in the following order:—*Peter and Paul*, Linus, Cletus, Clement," etc.—Epiphan. *in Hær.* 27. Dr. Lightfoot, late Bishop of Durham, identifies the list of early Roman Bishops, here given by Epiphanius, with the one drawn up by St. Hegesippus, when in Rome, cir. A.D. 160 (See his letter in *The Academy* of May 21st, 1887). Of this list—formerly supposed to be lost—Hegesippus himself said:—"When I was at Rome, I compiled a succession (of Bishops in that See) to the time of Anicetus."—*Ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccles.* l. iv. c. 22.

sacred office [*or*, ministry] of the Episcopate to Linus. Of this Linus, Paul makes mention in his epistles to Timothy. To him succeeded Anencletus, and after him, in the third place from the Apostles, to Clement is allotted the Episcopacy. . . . Under this Clement, a no slight dissention having taken place amongst the brethren at Corinth, the Church in Rome sent a most powerful epistle to the Corinthians, confirming them together into peace, and renewing their faith, and announcing the tradition which it had recently received from the Apostles."

Then, after reciting the names and succession of the remaining Roman Pontiffs, down to Eleutherius, he concludes:—

"*By this same order, and by this same succession, both that tradition which is in the Church from the Apostles and the preaching of the truth have come down to us. And this is a most full demonstration (plenissima ostensio) that it is one and the same life-giving faith which is preserved in the Church from the Apostles, and handed down in truth.*"—*Ib.* n. 3.

"So also Polycarp, who not only had been instructed by the Apostles, and had conversed with many who had seen the Lord, but was also appointed by the Apostles Bishop of Smyrna, in Asia. Him we saw in our early youth. . . . He always taught what he had learned from the Apostles, what the Church had handed down, and what is the only true doctrine. All the Churches throughout Asia bear witness to these things, and those that have been successors of Polycarp, being a witness of truth much more credible and more faithful than Valentinus and Marcion, and the rest of the perverse thinkers. And this Polycarp, coming to Rome under the Episcopate of Anicetus, converted many from amongst the aforesaid heretics to the Church of God; proclaiming the one and only true faith that he had received from the Apostles, that, namely, which was delivered by the Church. . . But the Church also in Ephesus, founded indeed by Paul, but with which John remained until the days of Trajan, is a veracious witness

of the tradition of the Apostles."—*Ib.* n. 4; et *ap. Euseb. Hist. Eccl.* l. iv. c. 14.

"There being such proofs to look to, we *ought not still to seek amongst others for that truth which it is easy to receive from the Church; seeing that the Apostles most fully committed unto this Church, as unto a rich depository, all whatsoever is of the truth,* that every one that willeth may draw out of it the drink of life. For this is the gate of life; but all others are thieves and robbers. Wherefore we ought to avoid them, but to cling with the utmost care to whatever is of the Church,† and to hold fast the tradition of truth.* For what? Even if there should be a dispute about any trifling point,‡ ought we not to have recourse to the most ancient Churches, in which Apostles resided,

* Tantæ igitur ostensiones cum sint, non oportet adhuc quærere apud alios veritatem, quam facile est ab Ecclesiâ sumere; cum Apostoli, quasi in depositorium dives, plenissime in eam contulerint omnia quæ sint veritatis: uti omnis quicunque velit, sumat ex eâ potum vitæ. Hæc est enim vitæ introitus; omnes autem reliqui fures sunt et latrones. Propter quod oportet devitare quidem illos; quæ autem sunt Ecclesiæ cum summâ diligentiâ deligere et apprehendere veritatis traditionem. Quid enim? Et si de aliquâ modicâ quæstione disceptatio esset, nonne oporteret in antiquissimas recurrere ecclesias, in quibus Apostoli conversati sunt, et ab eis de præsenti quæstione sumere quod certum et re liquidum est? Quid autem si neque Apostoli quidem Scripturas reliquissent nobis, nonne oportebat ordinem sequi traditionis, quam tradiderunt iis quibus committebant ecclesias? Cui ordinationi assentiunt multæ gentes barbarorum, eorum qui in Christum credunt, sine chartâ et atramento scriptam habentes per Spiritum in cordibus suis salutem, et veterem traditionem diligenter custodientes.

† The reader cannot fail to observe, how all throughout his great work Irenæus appeals to the tradition and living voice of the Catholic Church as the chief touch-stone or standard of orthodoxy for all Christians. This is further illustrated by a passage from one of his lost "writings against schismatics at Rome," that Eusebius has preserved for us:—"These doctrines, O Florinus, are not of a sound understanding. These doctrines are *opposed to the Church* (ταῦτα τὰ δόγματα ἀσύμφωνά ἐστι τῇ ἐκκλησίᾳ); . . these doctrines not even the heretics out of the Church (οἱ ἔξω τῆς ἐκκλησίας αἱρετικοὶ) ever attempted to assert. These doctrines were never handed down by the Presbyters before us," etc.—Ap. Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* lib. v. c. 20.

‡ "Suppose there arise a dispute relative to some *important* question among us."—Trans. in Clark's *Ante-Nicene Lib.*

and from them to take whatever is certain and really clear on the existing dispute? But what if the Apostles had not left us any Scriptures, would it not have been needful to follow the order of that *tradition* which they delivered to those to whom they entrusted the Churches? To which ordinance many of the barbarous nations who believe in Christ assent, having salvation written, without paper and ink, by the Spirit, in their hearts, and sedulously guarding the old tradition."—Lib. iii. c. 4, n. 1.

St. Irenæus then gives a brief summary of the chief articles of the Christian faith,* denied by the heretics whom he was opposing, and concludes:—

"To these [Christian nations above mentioned], if anyone, addressing them in their own language, should have announced the things that have been invented by the heretics, they would at once have stopped their ears, and have fled far away, not enduring even to hear the blasphemous address. Thus, through that ancient tradition of the apostles (per illam veterem apostolorum traditionem), they admit not even into their minds' conception whatever of monstrous assertion proceeds from these men; for amongst them there was, hitherto, no such congregation nor doctrine instituted."—Ib. n. 2.

"Tradition, therefore, which is from the apostles being thus in the Church and continuing amongst us (Traditione igitur, quæ est ab apostolis, sic se habente in Ecclesiâ, et permanente apud nos), let us return to that proof which is from the writings of those who wrote the Gospels"—*Ib.* c. v., n. i).

"Thus, then, have all these men been exposed, who bring in impious doctrines regarding our Maker and Framer, . . and the substance of our Lord, and the dispensation which He fulfilled for the sake of His creature man. But [it has on the other hand been shown] that the preaching of the Church is everywhere [undique] consistent, and continues in an even course, and receives testimony from the prophets, the apostles, and

* The summary is so brief, that he omits even the article regarding the Holy Ghost.

all the disciples—as I have proved—through those in the beginning, the middle, and the end, and through the entire dispensation of God, and that well-grounded system which tends to man's salvation, viz., our faith; which faith, having been received from the Church, we do preserve, and which always, by the Spirit of God, renewing its youth, as if it were some precious deposit in an excellent vessel, causes the vessel itself containing it to renew its youth also. For this gift of God has been entrusted to the Church, as breath was to the first created man, for this purpose, that all the members receiving it may be vivified; and the means of communion with Christ has been distributed throughout it, that is, the Holy Spirit, the earnest of incorruption, the means of confessing our faith, and the ladder of our ascent to God. 'For in the Church,' it is said, 'God hath set apostles, prophets, and teachers,' and all the other means through which the Spirit works; of which all those are not partakers who do not join themselves to the Church (cujus non sunt participes omnes qui non currunt ad ecclesiam), but defraud themselves of life through their perverse opinions and infamous behaviour. *For where the Church is, there is the Spirit of God; and where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church and every grace; but the Spirit is truth.* Those, therefore, who do not partake of Him, are neither nourished unto life from the mother's breast, nor do they enjoy that most limpid fountain which issues from the Body of Christ; but they dig for themselves broken cisterns out of earthly trenches, and drink putrid water out of the mire, fleeing from the faith of the Church lest they be convicted; and rejecting the Spirit that they may not be instructed.

"Alienated thus from the truth, they do deservedly wallow in all error, tossed to and fro by it, thinking differently with regard to the same things, and never attaining to a well-grounded knowledge, being more anxious to be sophists of words than disciples of truth. For they have not been founded upon the one rock, but upon the sand which has in itself a multitude of stones." Lib. iii. c. 24, n. 1.

"Wherefore, it is incumbent to obey the presbyters who are in the Church,—those who, as I have shown, possess the succession from the Apostles; those who, *together with the succession of the Episcopate, have received the certain gift of truth, according to the good pleasure of the Father.** But (it is incumbent) to hold in suspicion others *who depart from the principal succession*, and assemble themselves together in any place whatsoever, [looking upon them] either as heretics of perverse minds, or schismatics puffed up and self-pleasing, or again as hypocrites, acting thus for the sake of lucre and vain-glory. For all these have fallen from the truth. And the heretics, indeed, who bring strange fire to the altar of God,—*viz.*, strange doctrines,—shall be burned up by the fire from heaven, as were Nadab and Abiud (*Lev.* x. 1, 2). But such as rise up in opposition to the truth, and exhort others against the Church of God, shall remain amongst those in hell, being swallowed up by an earthquake, even as those were with Chore, Dathan, and Abiron (*Numb.* xvi. 33). But those who cleave asunder and separate the unity of the Church, shall receive from God the same punishment as Jeroboam.

"But they who are indeed by many believed to be presbyters, but are inslaved to their own pleasures, . . from all such we ought to keep aloof, but to adhere to those who hold the doctrine of the Apostles, and who, together with the order of the priesthood, display sound speech and blameless conduct for the confirmation and correction of others. . . Such presbyters does the Church nourish, of whom also the prophet says:—'I will give thy rulers in peace and thy bishops in righteousness' (*Isai.* lx. 17). . . Paul, then, teaching us *where* we may find such, says:—'God hath set *in the Church*, first,

* Quapropter iis qui in Ecclesiâ sunt presbyteris, obaudire oportet, his qui successionem habent ab Apostolis, sicut ostendimus, qui cum episcopatûs successione charisma veritatis certum . . acceperunt: reliquos vero, qui subsistunt a principali successione, et quocunque loco colligunt, suspectos habere, vel quasi hæreticos, etc.

apostles; secondly, prophets; thirdly, teachers' (1 *Cor.* xii. 28). *Where*, therefore, the gifts of the Lord have been placed, *there* it behoves us to learn the truth, namely from those who possess that succession of the Church which is from the Apostles (ubi igitur charismata Domini posita sunt, ibi discere oportet veritatem, apud quos est ea quæ est ab apostolis ecclesiæ successio); and among whom exists that which is sound and blameless in conduct, as well as that which is unadulterated and incorrupt in speech. For these . . expound the Scriptures to us without danger, neither blaspheming God, nor dishonouring the patriarchs, nor despising the prophets."—Lib. iv. c. 26, n. 2, 4, 5.

"And then shall every word also seem consistent to him [the orthodox Christian], if he for his part diligently read the Scriptures in company with (apud) those who are presbyters in the Church, among whom is the Apostolic doctrine, as I have pointed out."—*Ib.* c. 32, n. 2.

"A spiritual disciple of this sort . . shall also judge those who give rise to schisms, who are destitute of the love of God, and who look to their own special advantage rather than to the unity of the Church; and who for trifling reasons cut in pieces and divide the great and glorious Body of Christ, and so far as in them lies destroy it,—men who prate of peace while they give rise to war, and do in truth strain at a gnat, but swallow a camel. *For no reformation of so great importance can be effected by them, as will compensate for the mischief arising from their schism.* He shall also judge all those who are *beyond the pale of the truth, that is, who are outside the Church;* but he himself shall be judged by no one.

"True knowledge is [that which consists in] the doctrine of the Apostles, and the ancient constitution (σύστημα) of the Church throughout the whole world, and the distinctive manifestation of the Body of Christ according to the succession of the Bishops, by whom they have handed down that Church which exists in every place; the most perfect treatment of the Scriptures which has come down even to us without deception in the guardianship, admitting neither addition nor dimi-

nution; both the reading unfalsified, and the exposition as regards the Scriptures legitimate and careful, and without danger, and without blasphemy."—Lib. iv. c. 33, n. 7, 8.

"Such are the variations existing among them [the heretics], . . holding discordant opinions as to the same Scriptures; and when one and the same discourse has been read, they all, knitting their eyebrows, and shaking their heads, pronounce that the discourse is very sublime indeed, but that all men cannot compass the magnitude of the meaning contained therein, and that on this account silence is a most important thing amongst wise men. And thus all who were present take their departure, burdened with so many sentiments upon one point; carrying away hidden within themselves their acumen. When, therefore, they shall have agreed amongst themselves respecting the things proclaimed in the Scriptures, then also shall they be confuted by us. For, not thinking rightly, they in the meanwhile convict each other, not agreeing respecting the very same words. But we, following one and the same true God [as] teacher, and having His discourses as the [*or* a] rule of truth, always say the same things respecting the same matters, knowing one God, the Master of the universe," etc.—Lib. iv c. 35, n. 4.

"But last of all, He sent to those unbelievers [the Jews] His own Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom the wicked husbandmen cast out of the vineyard when they had slain Him. Wherefore the Lord God did even give it up no [longer hedged around, but thrown open throughout the whole world], to other husbandmen, who render the fruits in their seasons,—that beautiful elect tower being also raised everywhere. For the illustrious Church is now everywhere, and everywhere is the wine-press digged; for everywhere are those who receive the Spirit" (Ubique enim præclara est Ecclesia, et ubique circumfossum torcular; ubique enim sunt qui suscipiunt Spiritum).—Lib. iv. c. 36, n. 2.

In the preface to Book V., he declares that he has, in the four preceding books, "exposed all the heretics,

. . and pointed out the truth, and shown the preaching of the Church, which the prophets proclaimed, but which Christ brought to perfection, and the Apostles have handed down;—from whom the Church, receiving (these truths) and throughout all the world alone preserving them in their integrity, has transmitted them to her sons"; and that in the fifth book he proposes to advance further arguments "to reclaim the wanderers and convert them to the Church of God, to confirm at the same time the minds of the neophytes, that they may preserve steadfast the faith they have received, guarded by the Church in its integrity," etc.—Pröem. in. Lib. v.

"All these heretics are of much later date than the Bishops to whom the Apostles committed the Churches; which fact I have in the third book taken all pains to demonstrate. It follows then, as a matter of course, that these heretics aforementioned, since they are blind to the truth, and deviate from the right way, will walk in various roads; and therefore the footsteps of their doctrine are scattered here and there without agreement or connection. *But the path of those who belong to the Church circumscribes the whole world, as possessing the sure tradition from the Apostles, and gives unto us to see that the faith of all is one and the same. . . And indeed the preaching* (prædicatio) *of the Church is true and steadfast, in which one and the same way of salvation is shown throughout the whole world.* For to her is entrusted the light of God; and therefore the 'wisdom' of God, by which she saves all men 'is proclaimed in its going forth;' it uttereth [its voice] faithfully in the streets, is preached on the tops of the walls, and speaks continually in the gates of the city (*Prov.* i. 20, 21). For everywhere the Church preacheth the truth, and she is the seven-branched candlestick which bears the light of Christ.

"Those, therefore, who desert the preaching of the Church, call in question the knowledge of the holy presbyters, not taking into consideration of how much greater consequence is a religious man, even in a private station, than a blasphemous and impudent sophist. Now

such are all heretics, and those who imagine that they have hit upon something more beyond the truth, so that by following these things already mentioned, proceeding on their way variously, inharmoniously, and foolishly, not keeping always to the same opinions with regard to the same things, as blind men are led by the blind, they shall deservedly fall into the pit of ignorance lying in their path; ever seeking and never finding out the truth. It behoves us, therefore, to avoid their doctrines, and to take careful heed lest we suffer any injury from them; but *to flee to the Church, and be brought up in her bosom; and be nourished with the Lord's Scriptures.* For the Church has been planted as a Paradise in this world; therefore says the Spirit of God, 'Thou mayest freely eat from every tree of the garden,' that is, Eat ye from every Scripture of the Lord; but ye shall not eat with an uplifted mind, nor touch any heretical discord."*—Lib. v. c. 20, n. 1. 2.

APPENDIX.

I. Protestant writers on St. Irenæu's doctrine regarding the Church and the Primacy of the Apostolic See.

The Protestant Church historian Mosheim avows that the principles laid down by St. Irenæus and St. Cyprian lead naturally to the admission of a central Authority, such as is ascribed by Catholics to the See of St. Peter, and alleges that they were too simple-minded and short-sighted to understand the consequences! "Cyprian and the rest cannot have known the corollaries which follow

* "'Of every tree' of Paradise 'ye shall eat' the fruits, says the Spirit of God; that is, eat of every dominical Scripture; but upon an arrogant interpretation (sense) feed not; neither touch any part of the whole heretical dissention."—Waterworth's trans.

from their precepts about the Church. For no one is so blind as not to see, that between a certain unity of the Church, terminating in the Roman Pontiff, and such a community as we have described out of Irenæus and Cyprian, there is scarcely so much room as between hall and chambers, or between hand and fingers."—Mos. *Dissertat. Theologico-Hist. de Gallorum Appell. ad Concil. Univ. Eccles.* xiii.

Ziegler, a modern writer on the works of St. Irenæus, says:—"To the mind of Irenæus, it is the Episcopate which sanctions the Rule of Faith, and not *vice versâ*. With him, as with Cyprian, the highest ecclesiastical office is inseparable from orthodox doctrine. . . He makes the preservation of tradition, and the presence of the Holy Ghost in the Church, dependent upon the Bishops, who in legitimate succession represent the Apostles, and . . this manifestly because he wants at any price to have a guarantee for the unity of the visible Church. This striving after unity appears in the most striking way in that passage (iii. 3, 2) where he passes, as if in prophetic spirit, beyond himself, and anticipates the Papal Church of the future."—*Irenäus der Bischof von Lyon.* Berlin, 1871.

Prof. Lipsius, of Jena, in his able article on "Irenæus" in Smith and Wace's *Dict. of Christ. Biog. and Literat.*, says:—"The main representatives therefore of genuine Apostolical Tradition are, for Irenæus, the Bishops of the Churches as successors of the Apostles and guardians of their doctrines. In the Episcopate itself . . he finds the one sure pledge of the Church's unity and the maintenance of her doctrine. Although the expression 'Catholic Church' does not occur in the writings of Irenæus, the thing itself is constantly before him, *i.e.*, the conception of one true Church spread over the earth, and bound together by the one true Faith, in contrast to the manifold and variegated and apostate forms of 'heresy.' . . The Episcopate is for Irenæus no mere congregational office, but one belonging to the whole Church; the great importance attached by his contemporaries to the proofs of a genuine Apostolical

Succession rests on the assumption that the Episcopate was the guardian of the Church's unity of teaching, a continuation, in fact, of the Apostolic teaching-office, ordained for that purpose by the Apostles themselves. . . Though the Holy Spirit is a *scala ascensionis ad Deum*, of which all the faithful are partakers, yet the guidance of the Church by the Spirit is mediated by Apostles, Prophets, and Teachers, and they who would have the guidance of the Spirit must come to the Church. 'For where the Church is, there is the Spirit of God, and where the Spirit of God is, there is the Church and all grace—the Spirit moreover is the truth' (iii. 24, 1). And if the unity of the Church and the transmission of the Apostolic tradition depends on the Apostolical Succession of the Bishops, the consequence is inevitable, that through them the 'operatio Spiritus Sancti' must chiefly manifest itself. Expressly, therefore, is the *charisma veritatis* attached to the Episcopal Succession (iv. 26, 2). But this is not to be understood of a gift of inspiration enabling the Bishops to discover fresh truths, but rather in such a guidance as enables them to preserve the original truth."* *Smith and Wace*, vol. iii. pp. 272, 3.

* As Prof. Lipsius is not equally clear as to the Roman See having been the recognized centre and Head of the Catholic Church in the 2nd century, it may be well to append the following passage from M. Renan's "Hibbert Lecture" for 1880:—"Rome was the place in which the great idea of Catholicity was worked out. More and more every day it became the capital of Christianity, and took the place of Jerusalem as the religious centre of humanity. Its Church claimed a precedence over all others, which was generally recognized. All the doubtful questions which agitated the Christian conscience came to Rome to ask for arbitration, if not decision. . . At the end of the second century we can already recognize, by signs which it is impossible to mistake, the spirit which in 1870 will proclaim the Infallibility of the Pope. . . Irenæus (Lib. iii. 3) refutes all heresies by reference to the belief of this Church,—the greatest, the oldest, the most illustrious,—which possesses, in virtue of an unbroken succession, the true tradition of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and to which, because of its Primacy, all the rest of the Church ought to have recourse." *Hibbert Lect.*, Eng. trans., pp. 172–174.

II. St. Irenæus and Pope Victor.

In opposition to the conclusion which Catholic writers have always drawn from St. Irenæus' words as to the necessity of all Churches throughout the world harmonizing in faith with the Church and Bishop of Rome (see above, p. 8, 9), Protestants often refer to the dispute that occurred between Pope Victor and the Asiatic Churches as to the proper time for observing the Festival of Easter, and the action of St. Irenæus in regard to that affair.

The Bishops in Asia having set themselves in opposition (as Eusebius relates, *Hist. Eccles.* v. 23) to "the Churches throughout the rest of the world, who observed the practice that had prevailed from Apostolic tradition," and to the "ecclesiastical decree" which the Synods of Bishops had "unanimously drawn up, and communicated to all the Churches in all places,"—Pope Victor—"the 13th Bp. of Rome from Peter," as he is called in c. 28 of the same Book of Eusebius' History,—"forthwith endeavoured to cut off the Churches of all Asia, together with the neighbouring Churches, as heterodox, from the common unity. And he published abroad by letters, and proclaimed, that all the brethren there were wholly excommunicated. But this," continues Eusebius, "was not the opinion of all the Bishops. They immediately exhorted him, on the contrary, to contemplate that course that was calculated to promote peace, unity, and love to one another. There are also extant the expressions they used, who pressed upon Victor with much severity. Among these also was Irenæus, who in the name of those brethren in Gaul over whom he presided, wrote an Epistle, in which . . he becomingly exhorts Victor not to cut off whole Churches of God, which observed the tradition of an ancient custom."—Euseb. *Hist. Eccl.* Bohn's trans.

In answer to the objection which Protestants deduce from this narrative, it may suffice to point out—(1) that the dispute in question referred to a matter of *discipline* only; not any point of *faith*—in regard to which Irenæus, as we have seen above, declared that "all Churches

must be in agreement with the Church of Rome, on account of her Superior Headship."

(2) The Bishops,—including Irenæus—who, whilst themselves agreeing with Pope Victor, thought that he was acting too hastily and intolerantly in regard to the Asiatic Churches,—expressed, indeed, their disapproval of his policy, but their opposition was confined to exhortation and remonstrance. Irenæus "*becomingly* admonished him," says Eusebius, "not to cut off whole Churches of God,* which observed the tradition of an ancient custom." The Bishops of Asia themselves met together in Councils; they, too, reasoned and remonstrated: but not one of them told Victor that he had no jurisdiction in the East; not one of them said to him:—"By what authority doest thou these things?" or "Who gave thee this authority over us?" And yet, surely, if the Pope had no authority whatever to interfere in the affairs of the Eastern Churches (which were altogether outside his Patriarchate), the question obviously arises:—Why did not those Churches indignantly tell him so on the occasion referred to? Why did they not ridicule his insane pride, arrogance, and presumption? Why did not Polycrates, who headed the Asiatic Bishops, threaten Victor himself with excommunication,—since on Protestant principles, the Bishop of Ephesus, who boasted that he followed a Divine tradition handed down from

* Dean Milman says that the Pope "assumed unwonted authority," and "peremptorily demanded a Council to judge the Asiatic Bishops" (*Hist. of Lat. Christ.* v. i. pp. 42, 3; 12 mo. ed.). Bp. Héfelé considers that it was the schismatic Blastus, A.D. 180, who tried to introduce the Ebionite Quartodecimanism into Italy, and even into Rome; and that thus "the aversion of Pope Victor towards the Quartodecimans in general can be easily explained, and his earnestness in controversy with Polycrates and the Asiatics. . . In 196, St. Jerome's Chronicle says that he wrote to the most eminent Bishops of every country, asking them to assemble Synods in their provinces, and by their means to introduce the Western mode of celebrating Easter. These letters—for example, those to Polycrates of Ephesus—also contained threats in case of resistance. Numerous Synods therefore assembled; and all, with the exception of those of Asia Minor, . . unanimously pronounced in favour of Victor's opinion."—*Church Councils*, Eng. trans. vol. I. p. 315.

St. John, had equal authority with the Bishop of Rome? But what are the facts? Polycrates denies, indeed, that the authority of the Pope should be stretched to the enforcement of a disciplinary observance opposed to the ancient traditions of the Asiatic Churches, but, so far was he from denying the Roman jurisdiction in general, that it was actually in compliance with the Pope's order that he had summoned the Ephesian Council, whose judgment he makes known to him.

The words of Eusebius, as Bishop Héfelé remarks, might be understood to mean that Victor really launched a sentence of excommunication against these Churches; but it is more correct to say, as Valesius has shown (*in Euseb.* v. 24), that the Pope thought of excommunicating the Asiatics, but was deterred from doing so, mainly by the pacific remonstrances of St. Irenæus.

"Of the justice and wisdom of the course pursued by Victor," says Archbishop Kenrick, "different sentiments may be entertained; but it cannot fairly be questioned that he claimed authority over the Asiatic Churches, and, at least, threatened to employ it, in the severest manner, to compel them to conform to the more general usage. The pertinacious adherence of Polycrates and other bishops to the custom of the East, may be used to show that the ancient rites of local Churches should not be hastily proscribed, even by the Bishop of Rome: but it does not prove that his authority was called in question. In the letter of the Synod, which maintained the usage, precedents are insisted on as justifying it; while the obvious reply is omitted, which would have been at once conclusive, had Victor no right to control the Churches of the East. The holding of various local Councils by his orders, the compliance of some of them with his injunction, the plea of ancient precedent strongly urged by others, the remonstrance of Irenæus against precipitate severity, all concur to prove that the authority of Victor was universally admitted, although the justice or expediency of of its exercise was questioned by some. This is all that is implied in the words of Polycrates:—'I am not at all

moved by the threats held out to me: far greater than I have said: *It behoveth us to obey God rather than men.*' It is plain that he considered Victor as commanding and menacing, but under the false impression that the festival day prescribed by God to the Jews was still obligatory, he refused obedience to what he deemed an unjust precept, and an abuse of authority. Had he recognized in the Roman Bishop no power to command, he would surely at once have repelled the attempt to dictate to him, and boldly denied his right of interference.

"Whether Victor actually issued an excommunication, or merely threatened to issue it, his claim to superior power is manifest. . . . From the narrative of Eusebius, it is clear that his threat was not looked on as an insolent assumption of power, or an idle waste of words, but that every effort was made, by argument, remonstrance, and entreaty, to avert its execution. The judgment of the entire Episcopal Body in the Council of Nice, vindicated the wisdom and foresight of the Pontiff, by classing among heretics the Quartodecimans, who, under the false persuasion that the Mosaic Law was still obligatory as far as the day of the Paschal solemnity was concerned, persisted in celebrating the Christian festival on the same day on which the Jews offered the Paschal victim. This is not the only instance in which the Popes have proved their deep discrimination, and enlightened zeal to reform usages pregnant with danger to the integrity of Christian faith, and have received the highest homage that could be rendered to their wisdom, by the final adhesion of the Episcopal Body and of the whole Church to their judgment. Like watchful pilots, they were the first to discern the distant speck, which gradually grew into a thunder-cloud, and burst in fury on the vessel of the Church, whose helm, with steady hand, they directed."—*The Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated;* Fourth edit. pp. 110, 111.

Blessed Juvenal Ancina.

By the Rev. John Morris, S.J.

On the last day of August, 1604, Blessed Juvenal Ancina died a heroic death, and before long a consequence of his recent beatification will be that the 31st of August will, at least for the Fathers of the Oratory, become his feast. A new star has thus appeared in our heavens; new, that is to say, to our eyes, as though the light were now reaching us of a star created long ago. And as "star differs from star in glory," so we shall do well to try to discern the peculiar features of the brilliancy to be found in him whom our Holy Father the Pope points out to us as an example of heroic virtue. The life of Blessed Juvenal Ancina is far from being uninteresting, and an attractive form of edification pervades it.

John Juvenal were the names with which he was baptized, and his brother was called John Matthew, so that they were both dedicated to St. John the Baptist. Juvenal, to call the future Saint by his distinctive name, was born at Fossano in Piedmont late in the year 1545. As a boy of fourteen, he was sent to Montpellier for his education, but he was speedily recalled, with such Piedmontese as were with him in that University, by Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, through fear lest

they might be infected by the spread of Protestantism in France. His father Durando then sent him to Mondovì, where, besides his philosophy, he laid a good foundation of medical knowledge, as well as of mathematics and music. His father's death recalled him to his native place, and when family affairs were arranged he continued his studies of medicine first at Padua and then at Turin. In the latter University he took his doctorship, was made lecturer on medicine, and had besides a private medical practice.

Life in four University towns was an ordeal to the virtue of a young man, but he passed through it intact. It can be done, thank God, though there are probably few that do it. Then, as now, the main safeguard lay in the choice of companions, and at Montpellier, Juvenal, then a mere boy, is said to have chosen for his intimate friends some virtuous students who claimed kindred with St. Roch. At Turin the young doctor laid down certain rules for his own guidance in his practice: never to attend a case till he had recommended it to God; to insist on confession, and to leave off attending a patient who refused it; and to treat the poor without fee as carefully as the rich. This love of the poor he inherited from his mother Lucy. Her alms were so abundant, and so generously given, that when reproached for her liberality, her answer was, "You must tie my hands if you do not mean me to give." This good mother he lost whilst he was living at Turin.

Juvenal's life at Turin was brought to an end by an invitation to go to Rome. A friend of his, Count Madrucci, was sent by Emmanuel Philibert as his ambassador to Pope Gregory the Thirteenth, and Juvenal was tempted to accompany him by the thought of the coming Jubilee of 1575. His age was nearly thirty, and a higher and better life had been asserting its claims upon him, though as yet the future was dark. He had passed by various opportunities of marriage, from the half-formed feeling in his heart that a vocation was in store for him. The event that produced the greatest impression upon him

was a very simple one. The Augustinians at a Provincial Chapter celebrated a solemn High Mass for their departed members. The *Dies iræ* made a profound impression on Juvenal, and the words, "The heavens and earth shall be moved" struck him so deeply, that he, whose life had been a most innocent one, called this his conversion to God. In this disposition he went to Rome. Some of his books he gave to the Capuchins of his native town, the rest he left with a bookseller at Turin to sell for him. The man kept the proceeds of the sale, and Juvenal, instead of prosecuting him, wrote him a letter in which he made him a present of the money he had embezzled.

In Rome Juvenal spent his time with the most learned and devout ecclesiastics that he could find, and with the help of such professors of the Roman College as Toledo, Possevino, and Bellarmine, he began his study of theology. His brother Matthew was with him, and their joint resolve was to enter some religious house together. Matthew returned to Fossano, to set their affairs in order with this intention, and whilst he was away, Juvenal came within sight of his vocation. In the Church of St. John of the Florentines he was greatly struck by the sermons and the music of the services introduced by the Oratorian Fathers. "I cannot make out how it is," he wrote to his brother, "that we never found out these noble Exercises last year. They are conducted by qualified persons in sacred orders, of holy life and much spirituality." And then he adds the touching words, "They have for their head a certain Reverend Father Philip, an old man of about sixty, remarkable in many respects, and especially for sanctity of life and admirable prudence and dexterity in inventing and promoting spiritual Exercises. He is the author of that great work of charity at the Trinità de' Pellegrini this Jubilee year. Fathers Toledo, Possevino, and others attribute much to him." Juvenal was on the high road to his vocation now.

Father Cæsar Baronius was Juvenal's fast friend from the beginning. When he came to enter the Congregation of the Oratory, Baronius called him "another Basil,"

and the impression made by his learning was so great that even before he was a fellow-Oratorian, the author of the 'Annals' took Juvenal as his adviser in the difficult points of that vast work. But piety came before learning with them both, and St. Philip was their common guide and father. Juvenal Ancina, still a layman, went to San Girolamo della Carità, where St. Philip was living, and for nearly three years went to confession to him every day, and heard his Mass. Matthew, who was inseparable from him in spirit, on his return from Fossano, did the same; and the two brothers advanced in the way of sanctity under this perfect guidance. At length the time came for a decision. They told St. Philip how they were drawn to solitude and rigour, and that long ago they had resolved to enter a religious Order together. The Saint shook his head, and bade them join the new Congregation at the Vallicella, for that, he said, was what God meant for them, and not the life of exterior austerity to which they felt attracted. On October 1, 1578, being then thirty-three years old, Juvenal Ancina with his brother Matthew entered the Congregation of the Oratory at the Chiesa Nuova.

And now, though St. Philip still lived at San Girolamo, Juvenal was more than ever in his hands. The spirit of the Saint pervaded the Oratory, and those who were formed there were formed by him. It was the privilege of the brothers Ancina to be amongst them. The docile soul of Juvenal, in particular, was open to every good impression, and the spirit of St. Philip was that which God had chosen for his sanctification. Though others had entered the school of Philip sooner, Juvenal was soon in the front rank of his disciples, and the Holy See has now selected him from amongst them to share the honours of the altars with his saintly Father.

This is not the place to sketch the life of an Oratorian Father. Juvenal, who, after due preparation, was ordained priest on June 21, 1582, threw himself into his priestly work with all his heart. He showed his vocation by his love of community life. *Deliciæ domus nostræ*, they

called him, "the delight of our house." Always the same, never melancholy, never boisterous, always bright and cheerful, he was happy himself and the cause of happiness in others. "Salute everybody," he says in a letter to his brother, "even the cook and the scullery boy, *whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose.*" That scullery he envied as better fitted for him than the lofty duties entrusted to him, and in the same spirit he used to say that theology, instead of puffing up the student, should bring tears to his eyes. Humility was the end of all St. Philip's teaching, and Father Juvenal will have been one of that procession of the humble disciples of St. Philip who carried a pipkin or a kettle or a frying-pan through the streets of Rome, on the joyful occasion when the founder of the Oratory consented at last to leave his dear San Girolamo and come and live at the Vallicella among his children.

This was in 1583, and it was not till 1587 that St. Philip permitted them to make him Provost; but before that time came, Father Juvenal was sent away from Rome. For eight years he had been an Oratorian, and for eleven he had been St. Philip's disciple, when in October, 1586, he was chosen as one of the corner-stones of the Oratory at Naples. Father Tarugi had intended to forward this foundation in the January of that year, but all was delayed by the illness of St. Philip. Juvenal had the pleasure of being with the father of his soul on his recovery from that illness, only to be speedily separated from him by obedience, and that for life. The two Oratories, by an exceptional arrangement, were entirely one, and St. Philip governed both. In 1589, and again in 1591, he had wanted to recall Father Juvenal to take the place of Tarugi, who was made Cardinal and Archbishop of Avignon, but Naples could not spare him. Father Tarugi had described him, when sending him to Naples, as "a philosopher and a theologian, a most graceful speaker, and a man of great purity and goodness of life." The Neapolitans appreciated him thoroughly, and would not willingly let him go. He was to them

like another St. Philip, and Cardinal Capecelatro, the modern biographer of St. Philip and the historian of his own Oratory of Naples, says that while each of the three other founders of that Oratory represented some aspects of St. Philip, Juvenal Ancina represented them all. He was the novice master, and it was for him to stamp St. Philip's spirit on his novices. Two good works of his, done at Naples, are specially worthy of mention. He induced the Neapolitan ladies to visit the sick and the poor in the hospitals, and it was owing to him that the Chapel of St. Januarius was handsomely rebuilt.

An anecdote is told of Father Juvenal at Naples that connects him with England in the time of its troubles under Elizabeth. One day he met in the Cathedral of Naples an English priest who was very badly clothed. The Father took him aside into the chapel of St. Restituta, and taking off his cassock, made the poor Englishman put it on: and then with a smile he turned to his companion and said, "Go and tell Father Rector that if he wants me to come home, he must send me a cassock." *Pater Juvenalis sanctus est,* was the grateful cry of the English priest—"Father Juvenal is a saint; he has stripped himself to clothe me."

St. Philip died in 1595, and at least on that account it must have been with a heavy heart that Father Juvenal received his marching orders to return to Rome. He would see his Father no more in this world. But there was a fear upon him that made that return to Rome greatly to be dreaded. It was on the occasion of the elevation of Baronius to the Cardinalate that he was summoned to Rome, and his fear was lest he himself should be made a Bishop. St. Philip had foretold it to him, and the rumour was current at Naples that it was so to be. To one of his penitents who told him that this was said, he answered: "God forbid! all I want is the love of God and a Breviary under my arm." He left Naples with this dread upon him, and as he mounted his horse to return to Rome, he parted from the Fathers at Naples with the words, "I fear for myself."

It did not come immediately, and the year that he spent in Rome after his return brought him one of the greatest pleasures of his life. In 1598, St. Francis of Sales went to Rome, being at that time a young Bishop, and Coadjutor to Mgr. Claud Granier, Bishop of Geneva. Four or five months were spent by him in Rome, and he says that of all the holy and learned men whom he saw during that time in the capital of the Christian world, he was more struck by the virtue of Father Juvenal than of any one else. The praise of a saint is of such value that it will be worth while here to insert a long passage in which St. Francis gave his judgment of Blessed Juvenal after his saintly death.

"I admired in the great learning of the man, and in his knowledge of all sorts, his self-contempt; in the great gravity of his words and ways, his cheerfulness and modesty; in the great carefulness of his piety, his great gentleness and sweetness, not conquering haughtiness as many do by haughtiness, but with true humility; his knowledge, not puffing him up to an ostentatious charity, but charity making knowledge edifying; beloved in truth of God and man, and loving God and men with a most pure love—pure from the absence of all self-love, which is a rare thing even in the good. This man I noticed when occasion served, praising the institutes of religious, of ecclesiastics and of laymen, their ways, their teaching, their manner of serving God, as if he were one of them, though he loved his own dear Oratory with the sweetest and most filial love, yet not on that account loving other Orders more coldly, as people generally do, or esteeming or praising them less fervently. If any one touched with the love of Heaven came to him for counsel, desirous of a purer life, looking only to God's glory, he led them by the hand to the Order that was fittest for him; for he was not of Paul or of Cephas or of Apollo, but of Jesus Christ; and those cold words *mine* and *thine* he knew not in temporals or in spirituals, but he sincerely gave all things in Christ and for Christ's sake."

St. Francis of Sales had been in Rome before, but that was in 1591, when he was but twenty-four years old. It will not have been then that he became so intimate with Blessed Juvenal, but, as he himself says when he came as Bishop. He would hardly have passed St. Philip by unnamed if he had at the same time been living at the Chiesa Nuova. St. Francis and Blessed Juvenal met again in 1603, when they were neighbouring Bishops. Blessed Juvenal was making his visitation at a place in the diocese of Saluzzo called Carmagnola, to which the Bishop of Geneva had come out of his way on a journey that he was making. St. Francis testifies to the veneration that the people had for their holy Bishop, and he describes the welcome that he himself received from them for their good Bishop's sake. He winds up his noble eulogy of Blessed Juvenal with words as forcible as one saint could well employ in speaking of another, that "he could not remember ever to have seen a man who had more fully or more splendidly the gifts the Apostle desires in Apostolic men."

The time had come now when the fear of a bishopric seemed to be turning into a reality. The *Nolo episcopari* of Blessed Juvenal took a very practical form, for he fairly ran away. The bishopric of Nice had fallen vacant, and so had Vercelli, and for each the rumour ran that the Duke of Savoy would name Father Juvenal Ancina. In 1597 Mgr. Picot, the Bishop of Saluzzo, died, and the Chapter sent to beg the Pope to remember in what danger their diocese was in from the neighbourhood of heretics, and to beg His Holiness to send them the best bishop he could find. It soon reached Father Juvenal's ears that he himself was the bishop destined by the Holy Father for Saluzzo.

On the vigil of St. Andrew, 1597, Juvenal started to visit the Seven Churches. As he left the house the message reached him that Pope Clement the Eighth wanted to see him at the palace. The poor Father knew what it was for. The Pope had sent him no order, he said to himself, and he would not go. By

bye-ways, lest he should be followed, he reached that evening St. Paul's outside the Walls. The next day again he spent in the country, reaching towards nightfall the Carthusians of Santa Maria degli Angioli in Rome. There he remained a day or two, till he could provide himself with horses and some companion to travel with. On the 2nd of December, in wintry weather, he started northwards, not knowing whither he was going, provided only he could escape from the dreaded mitre.

After all, such was his simplicity, that it was not a very skilful flight, for there was little or no concealment in it. Wherever Father Juvenal went, he showed the zeal and fervour that betrayed him to be Father Juvenal. Constant catechetical instruction to the country people and to the children marked his progress, and when a sermon would do good he was ever ready to preach. With it all he showed a humility that crowned his zeal. After visiting Loreto he went to S. Severino, where there was a house of the Oratory at S. Maria de' Lumi. He was there in Lent, and his sermons were attracting vast congregations, to the great satisfaction of the Bishop of that diocese. It came to his ears that the ordinary preachers of the city felt that their audiences were being drawn away from them, and he immediately asked the Bishop's leave to go elsewhere. He went to Cingoli, and was there proposing to preach, when he was met by the same objection that the Lenten preacher who was invited by the municipality did not wish him to do so, and he at once gave way.

Another anecdote of this time of his flight gives us an insight into the largeness of his almsgiving. At Fermo he had been surrounded by beggars, and calling a priest he gave him all the money he had, saying, "Make it go as far as you can amongst the poor, and tell them how sorry I am that I have no more." In this condition he started from Fermo to go to Loreto. On the way, at the River Chiente, he was met by a number of disbanded soldiers who asked an alms of him. Having no money, he produced from his wallet all the provisions that the

Oratorian Fathers of Fermo had given him for his journey, and gave them to the soldiers so cheerfully that their corporal saluted him with, "Father, you will be a bishop;" much to his amusement.

In March, 1598, the Roman Fathers recalled him. Father Angelo Velli, the Provost, wrote to Father Matthew Ancina to tell his brother to return to Rome. "If the Pope commands him, he must obey, and if there is no precept, let him refuse." So Father Juvenal had no choice and was obliged to return to Rome.

Saluzzo, meanwhile, had remained vacant, and continued so for full five years, so that for four years and more Father Juvenal lived at the Oratory with the fear of this promotion hanging over his head. The little city was in Piedmont, not far from the Po, at the foot of the Cottian Alps. From the beginning of the thirteenth century it was a marquisate belonging to the Alerani family. Julius the Second made it a bishop's see* in 1511, at the request of the mother of the last Marquess, and it was under no Archbishop, but immediately subject to the Holy See. On the extinction of the Alerani, the marquisate fell to the Kings of France, and it was on the nomination of Henry the Third that Mgr. Antoine Picot, O.S.B., was made Bishop of Saluzzo in 1583. On his death Pope Clement the Eighth was unable to proceed at once to appoint a successor, in consequence of the war between France and Savoy. At last the Duke of Savoy exchanged the province of Brescia with King Henry the Fourth for the marquisate of Saluzzo, Henry withdrew his opposition to the appointment of Father Juvenal Ancina, and the ambassador of Savoy received instructions to press that he might speedily be appointed. Cardinal Aldobrandino was sent by the Pope to tell him that his mind was made up, and Juvenal was forced to submit to the voice of

* The epitaph of Gabriel Cesano, the seventh Bishop, who died in 1568, says that he was sent into England by Pope Clement VII. to manage important business. Ughelli, *Italia Sacra*, vol. i. p. *137.

authority. "Come, Father Juvenal," said the Pope to him as he knelt before him, "you cannot fly now." "Holy Father," he answered, "I might fly when your precise will was not known, but now that I know it too well, I must not fly but obey." At last he himself became a petitioner for Saluzzo. Mondovì, a richer see, was also vacant, and Baronius went to the Pope, at Juvenal's request, to say that the work at Saluzzo was harder from the neighbourhood of heretics, and the income smaller, and he asked that if he was to be a Bishop, he might be sent to Saluzzo. And so after four and twenty edifying years as an Oratorian, on August 26, 1602, he was elected Bishop, was consecrated at the Vallicella on the 1st of September by Cardinal Borghese, afterwards Paul the Fifth, and on the 2nd of October left his home in the Oratory, carrying with him for affection's sake the key of his cell. "I love my cell best of all," he had been accustomed to say, but this was one of the sacrifices he was called on to make for the good of souls.

Poor Saluzzo had been vacant for five years, and through the strife of its princes was in a very disturbed condition. It stood in great need of its Bishop, and yet, though consecrated and ready to take possession of his see, he was held back and delayed. The Duke's secretary wrote to him that the heretics had availed themselves of the disorder, and a good priest had been martyred by them. Yet with all his desire to be in the midst of his flock, Mgr. Ancina could get no nearer to them than his native place, Fossano. The Duke of Savoy had invented some new-fangled oath to be taken by Bishops of Saluzzo, on the plea that it was a borderland, a "marquisate" in fact, and therefore requiring special safeguards. The Pope instructed the new Bishop that the oath was not to be taken, and there, consequently, in the neighbourhood of his diocese, he had to wait till the Duke abandoned his demand. When pressed unduly by the ministers of the Duke of Savoy, after trying his best to satisfy them, the Bishop wound up the

conference by saying, "I, as Juvenal Ancina, am the subject and vassal of His Highness, but as Bishop, I am master."

A story told of Mgr. Ancina during his stay at Fossano, is a striking testimony to the attractiveness of his preaching, and to his power over the people. A band of comedians were acting at Fossano, under a manager who was called "the Tuscan." Blessed Juvenal gave orders that whenever these comedians began to act, and their audience was all assembled, the church bell was to ring, and he was to be summoned to preach. When this happened, the theatre was at once deserted, and the church was crowded. One day, when the Bishop was dining with Thomas Bava, then Prefect of Fossano, and afterwards President of the Senate of Piedmont, "the Tuscan" appeared, in the hopes of obtaining from the Bishop some concession. This, of course, he did not obtain, and by continuing to have the bell rung just when the people were collecting for the play, Blessed Juvenal drove the actors, first into the night, and next to give up the contest, and to leave the town. "There is no room here for the mountebank," said the Tuscan manager, "where there is such a *mount-in-pulpit.*"

This Thomas Bava was miraculously cured by his holy guest, and that in a manner that associated him closely with his dear father, St. Philip. Bava had long had the gout very badly in his left hand, so that he could not move a finger. When Blessed Juvenal met him, he went up to him, saying, "Master Thomas, does your gout torment you? Our Blessed Philip healed it by touching it so;" and he took the gouty hand between both his own. Bava naturally shrunk back in fear, but the holy Bishop said, "Do not be afraid; this is the way Blessed Philip cured Pope Clement the Eighth," and gently took his hand within his own again. In an instant the pain was gone, the hand was perfectly well, and the gout never returned.

Blessed Juvenal left Fossano for Saluzzo on March 5, 1603, in company with his brother Matthew and others.

Four months had been the delay caused by the vexatious proposal of the new oath, four months added to the vacancy and widowhood of the Church, four months taken from the brief episcopate which was to do so much towards repairing the evils of an exceptionally dangerous time. Eighteen months spent in the midst of the cares of his diocese were to be of such value that in the Decree with which, in 1870, the heroic virtues of the Bishop of Saluzzo were approved, Pius the Ninth said that Divine Providence had so disposed it that the Bishops of the Universal Church, assembled in the Vatican Œcumenical Council, might receive with joy this new ornament of their episcopal order, and might regard him as sitting amongst themselves, defending the cause of the Church and of society. Truly, God does not stand in need of time for the fulfilment of His work, and He communicates in some sort to His servants His own prerogative that a single day shall be as a thousand years. He can afford to spend a long time in the formation and preparation of His instruments, when His work can be gathered up into so short a space.

Now, as Bishop, having more work to do than he ever had before, Blessed Juvenal began by taking an extra hour from his time, and devoting it to prayer. The worst two rooms in the palace he took as his own. His bed was a hard straw mattress. His meals were taken with his household, and once, in presence of all, he gave his steward a penance for having something special prepared for him. He ate no meat, unless he had guests to entertain. A book was read at meal times, and even if he dined out, he bade his chaplain read, while such was the respect felt for him, that none of his hosts resented it. Two poor men dined with him every day, on Sundays, four; and in Lent and on the great feasts, a crowd of poor. After dinner he took them to the hall, and there round the great fire they sat, while the Bishop talked to them and taught them Catechism. The diocese was a poor one, its income only six hundred crowns, but he would not let that income be increased by gifts. He

kept no horse in his stable, but made his journeys on foot; until Count Prosper Saluzzo gave him a mule, which he accepted, as St. Antoninus of Florence had done the same. His house was like a convent: his servants, carefully chosen, had a rule to live by—a fixed hour for rising, a time for meditation in the chapel, and for Mass, and at certain times each one came to the Bishop to give an account of his meditation. In the evening, all assembled in the Bishop's antechamber for examination of conscience and the Litanies, with a blessing at the end, and a sprinkling of holy water. Each one had his work to do, and Blessed Juvenal so cared that it should be religiously done, that he sent away a most useful man because he was restless. He called himself their father; and such he showed himself, for he was very careful they should not be overworked, looked to see that they were warm in winter, and even when travelling, saw that they had their meal first, before he would let them wait upon him.

St. Paul looks to a Bishop's household as testing his fitness to rule the Church of God. Blessed Juvenal did not fail to bestow the care upon the greater that he had given to the less. On the Fourth Sunday of Lent in 1603, he published a Plenary Indulgence, sang High Mass in his Cathedral, and preached on the *Lætare* Introit of the day. He then had processions and public prayers, to call down a blessing on his episcopate. He suspended all the confessors of the diocese, except those who had the cure of souls, and examined each one himself before he renewed his faculties. He chose his officials with care, and especially his Vicar-General; and at his expense he called the parish priests about him that he might know them, and he kept a book called the state of souls, with the information that he obtained from each. He gave orders that any one who wanted to see him should be at once admitted, even though he were at meals or at studies; and in this he was like St. Philip, who would not call any time or place his own. The nuns were the good Bishop's very special care, and as the event proved, he loved them better than his own life. His happy gift of preaching

stood him in good stead now; and not content with his own sermons once and often twice every Sunday, he took much trouble with his parish priests, telling them what books to read, showing them how their prayer might help their preaching, and recommending to them that simple and familiar style with which St. Philip had worked such wonders. He often heard the people's confessions himself, which was a novelty amongst them, and he catechized the children with the greatest patience and charity. He opened a seminary for church students; he held a synod, and made judicious decrees; and in all respects his government was such that the Pope sent him a Brief, in praise of his zeal and his pastoral vigilance.

The newly-appointed Bishop did not delay the visitation of his diocese. There were in it fifty-five towns or villages, some of them very difficult of access. Saluzzo is at the foot of the Alps, and Blessed Juvenal was thankful for Count Prosper's mule that enabled him to reach some of the more out-of-the-way places. In one of these alpine villages he had a bitter disappointment. When he got there he found that all the inhabitants except one old man and a few women had gone away that they might not see him. The church was fast shut; and when an entrance into it was at last obtained, he found that it had been converted into a meeting-house, where a Protestant minister from the Valle d'Angrona used to preach. This seems to have been the only place he had to leave without any good being done.

His plan was, on arriving at a town, however tired he might be, to go straight to the principal church to pray. As soon as possible he would get the people together and preach to them, and after the sermon he would begin to catechize. The priests were instructed how he meant to proceed, and confessors had been sent beforehand to prepare the people for a General Communion, and, all that needed it, for Confirmation, which had not been administered for a long time.

Carmagnola was the first place visited, and it was here that he had the pleasure of the visit already mentioned

from his friend St. Francis of Sales. It was on this occasion that the two Saints exchanged puns, with an amusingly cheerful seriousness; and the joke made by St. Francis has had the curious fate of furnishing his friend with a sort of device which has been embodied in Papal decrees and inscribed on church walls in his honour. "You are the salt of the earth," *Sal es*, said Blessed Juvenal, playing on the surname of Sales. "Nay, but you are both salt and light, *sal et lux*, and I am neither," said St. Francis, making his joke out of the name of the other Bishop's see, Saluzzo.

At Carmagnola a pretty thing happened. A poor woman, who bred silk-worms, called to the Bishop to look at them, for they were doing badly. He made the sign of the Cross over them, and she had more silk that year than all the rest of the inhabitants of Carmagnola put together. His blessing wrought a somewhat similar miracle at the Convent of St. Clare in Saluzzo. A large almond tree in the court yard had ceased to bear leaves or fruit, and the nuns were about to cut it down. The holy Bishop embraced the tree, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and, forbidding them to touch it, said that he would stand surety for its fruitfulness. When the spring came, it bore an abundant crop, and what was more, the almonds were sweet, whereas the almonds of that tree had always been bitter before.

We cannot go round his diocese with him on visitation, but yet we must find room for a word or two about two or three other places. At Dogliano the people were so delighted with the Forty Hours, which it was the Bishop's custom to celebrate in each place as he went, that forty thousand persons collected from all the country round. They visited the church in companies for an hour at a time through the day and night, and the Bishop preached to each company in its turn. A specimen of these homely discourses is preserved. A company was called *Belvedere*, "Fair-view," and he asked them if they knew what that word meant. After speaking of things in this world that might be said to be *worth seeing*, he told them

what there was in Heaven for them to see—God face to face, the Sacred Humanity of our Divine Lord, His Blessed Mother, all the saints and angels—and he taught them how they were to come to that glorious sight.

Dronero had been a contentious and unruly place, setting itself up against its Bishops; but the reputation of Blessed Juvenal went before him and he was received with open arms. At Praveglia, on the feast of St. James, the people as usual on that day were intending to have a disedifying kind of dance. The Bishop said that he had not come to spoil their pleasure, so he hoped that they would come and hear his music, and thus he attracted them to the church, where, as St. Philip had taught him, the sermons and the music helped one another. In the afternoon they came to ask his leave to dance, which he at once gave, and as a precaution he was present himself. After awhile he succeeded in inventing such pleasant diversions for them that they forgot how the day had usually been spent; and they let the Bishop lead them to the church, where sacred music and Benediction closed the day. From his youth Blessed Juvenal had been familiar with figured music, and both as an Oratorian and as a Bishop, his knowledge stood him in good stead.

But we must hasten to the end. The good shepherd gave himself in life and death for his flock. A great friend of his, Father Perotti, a Carmelite, wrote to him, "Would to God we might say, 'O God, for whose Church the glorious Bishop Juvenal has died by the sword of the wicked.'* Nothing short of this will overcome the license and the heresy of these valleys." The desire of his heart was to preach in Geneva, and meet his death there, but God gave him the death he desired in Saluzzo. His death was the death of a martyr, a martyr of charity, a martyr in behalf of purity, through his pastoral duty, like the death of his patron St. John the Baptist.

There was a man at Saluzzo who was causing a great scandal by the way in which he frequented one of the

* Prayer for the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

monasteries of nuns. All gentle corrections had failed, and the holy Bishop spoke out strongly and sharply, declaring that he would have a thorough separation: "the one," he said, "shall go to the east, the other to the west." This was a day or two before the Assumption in 1604. By the end of the month the Bishop was dead, and by this man's hand. On St. Bernard's day, the 20th of August, Blessed Juvenal went to St. Bernard's Church, and after the function he stayed, as his custom was on like occasions, to dine with the Conventual Franciscans, whose church it was. Two flasks of wine were sent as a present to the Bishop, and the man that has been spoken of, who had asked to be allowed to serve the Bishop at table, put poison into one of these flasks of which Blessed Juvenal drank, and then the sacrilegious murderer went away into the neighbourhood of Genoa. The holy Bishop was immediately taken ill, but succeeded in reaching his house that evening. For three days, in spite of constant vomitings, he held up, but on the 23rd he was obliged to take to his bed. *Actum est*, he said to his brother Matthew, "the end has come."

He knew, the doctors knew, and those about him knew, how this end had been brought about, but he positively and absolutely forbade that any attempt should be made to bring the criminal to justice. The holy man would not have any accusation whatever made against his murderer, nor allow him to be so much as named by any one. The Duke of Savoy sent his own physician, with the antidotes then in vogue against poison, but it was too late to counteract the evil. The Bishop had known for some time past that he would soon die. He had said so in the Edict announcing his Visitation. At Dronero he had told the people that they should see his face no more. At Carmagnola in his sermon he said, "To-morrow I leave you, and you will never see me in this pulpit again, for I am going to die." The day before the feast of St. Bernard, when he was in perfect health, he wrote to a friend of his, Bianzali, a doctor in Fossano, "I shall soon pass from this life to another;"

and he added, "Think with me that death is coming soon." Bianzali died very shortly after him.

He made no will, for he had nothing to leave to any one but a few debts, and these the Duke of Savoy took upon himself, saying that the debts of Mgr. Ancina could only have been incurred for the Church or the poor. He summoned his confessor and made a general confession; the Holy Viaticum he was obliged to forego on account of his violent sickness. He made in its stead a fervent spiritual Communion, and then received Extreme Unction. He wished to die on the bare ground, but this was not permitted. "At least, then, on the straw," he said, "if not on the Cross."

A Capuchin Father said, "My Lord, we will pray to God to keep you alive." *Sinite me abire*, he answered, "Let me go; it will be better for me in Paradise." His Canons were assembled round him, and after a few parting words to them, he called on Jesus and Mary, and died on the last day of August, 1604, in his fifty-ninth year.

The chaplain of a country church about two miles off had been by his bedside the day before his death, but the Bishop sent him home, saying that the service of his church was of more importance than his stopping there. He went home, and early next morning, at the very hour the Bishop died, as he learned by inquiry, Blessed Juvenal appeared to him, shining brightly and smiling with joy. When the Blessed Bishop was laid out in the Chapel of St. Sebastian, there came a change over his face, making it look like life,* and the discolouration caused by the poison suddenly disappeared. A Dominican Father was cured of fever by kissing the hand of the dead Saint. His tomb was frequented by persons of all classes, who sought his intercession, and his immediate

* Blessed Juvenal was tall and dark, with black hair, his appearance grave, and his looks kind. So he is described by Mgr. della Chiesa, who was himself a native of Saluzzo, and became its Bishop in 1642. He had been sent by the Congregation of Rites to take informations respecting Blessed Juvenal Ancina, whose Life he wrote.

successor, Mgr. Viali, began the process of his fame of sanctity in 1608.

The decree respecting his heroic virtues was, as we have seen, approved by Pius the Ninth, while the Vatican Council was sitting in 1870. Leo the Thirteenth approved the decree respecting two miracles in 1879, and the decree that it was "safe to proceed" to Beatification on the 12th of January this year. The Solemn Beatification was celebrated in St. Peter's on Sexagesima Sunday, the 9th of February, but owing to the recent death of his brother, Cardinal Pecci, the Pope did not pay the usual afternoon visit on that day, but deferred it for a fortnight, all the decorations in the Basilica being left as they were on the day itself of the Beatification. On the 9th of May the Sacred Congregation of Rites issued permission for all the Congregations of the Oratory of St. Philip to keep the triduum of thanksgiving any time within the year. In Rome they took the 6th, 7th, and 8th of June; in Naples and London, the 20th, 21st, and 22nd of June; and in Birmingham, the 18th, 19th, and 20th of July. The decree permitting the Oratorian Fathers and the Diocese of Saluzzo to keep his annual festival is daily expected to appear.

Our National Vice.

By His Eminence Cardinal Manning.*

Have we a National Vice?

OUR nation has a multitude of vices. Is there any vice that cannot be charged against us? But is there one vice that is head and shoulders above all others? Is there one that, by its stature and its sway, dominates over all around it?

We have lately had comparative statistics from Italy, showing the proportion of murders, assaults with intent to kill, immoralities, commercial frauds, and the like. Under the first three heads England is comparatively innocent. But commercial frauds would thus seem to dominate. Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his *Essay on Commercial Morals*, seems to confirm this charge. We are, however, plunging into the democratic period, and have become of late profusely and shamefully factious. But as yet faction does not dominate over our other vices, or over our patriotism. We are told that under the crust of our national Christianity there lie unimaginable depths of immorality and unbelief: nevertheless, it cannot be said that this, or any of these, or all of them together, constitute our national vice. Let us, therefore, test this matter by a series of questions.

Is there, then, any one dominant vice of our nation? To answer this let us ask

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Thirteen Questions.

1. Is there any vice in the United Kingdom that slays at least 60,000, or, as others believe and affirm, 120,000 every year?

2. Or that lays the seeds of a whole harvest of diseases of the most fatal kind, and renders all other lighter diseases more acute, and perhaps even fatal in the end?

3. Or that causes at the least one-third of all the madness confined in our asylums?

4. Or that prompts, directly or indirectly, 75 *per cent.* of all crime?

5. Or that produces an unseen and secret world of all kinds of moral evil, and of personal degradation which no police court ever knows and no human eye can ever reach?

6. Or that, in the midst of our immense and multiplying wealth, produces, not poverty, which is honourable, but pauperism, which is a degradation to a civilised people?

7. Or that ruins men of every class and condition of life, from the highest to the lowest, men of every degree of culture and of education, of every honourable profession, public officials, military and naval officers and men, railway and household servants; and what is worse than all, that ruins women of every class, from the most rude to the most refined?

8. Or that above all other evils is the most potent cause of destruction to the domestic life of all classes?

9. Or that has already wrecked, and is continually wrecking, the homes of our agricultural and factory workmen?

10. Or that has already been found to paralyze the productiveness of our industries in comparison with other countries, especially the United States?

11. Or, as we are officially informed, renders our commercial seamen less trustworthy on board ship?

12. Or that spreads these accumulating evils throughout the British Empire and is blighting our fairest colonies?

13. Or that has destroyed and is destroying the indigenous races wheresoever the British Empire is in contact with them, so that from the hem of its garment there goes out, not the virtue of civilization and of Christianity, but of degradation and of death?

The Answer to Each.

There is not one point in the above questions which cannot be shown by manifold evidence to meet in one, and one only, of our many vices.

Of what one vice then by which we are afflicted can all this be truly said? Is it not the language of soberness to say that if such a vice there be, it is not one vice only, but the root of all vices?

Mr. Gladstone has said, in words which have become a proverb, that the intemperance of the United Kingdom is the source of more evils than war, pestilence, and famine; and to this it must be added that the intemperance that reigns in our nation does not visit us periodically like war, but year by year in permanent activity; that its havoc is not sporadic but universal; that it is not intermittent but continuous and incessant in its action.

It is no rhetoric therefore, nor exaggeration, nor fanaticism, to affirm that intemperance in intoxicating drink is a vice that stands head and shoulders above all the vices by which we are afflicted; and that, comparing the United Kingdom, not only with the wine-growing countries of the south, which are traditionally sober, but with the nations of the north, such as Germany and Scandinavia, which are historically hard drinkers, we are pre-eminent in this scandal and shame; and that intemperance in intoxicating drink may, in sad and sober truth, be called our National Vice.

The Causes of Intemperance.

Let us pursue our search a little farther. If all these manifold evils spring from intemperance in intoxicating drink, from what does this pre-eminence of

intemperance in intoxicating drink itself arise? Is it an epidemic, or an endemic? or a property of our British blood, or a national inheritance which has become inseparable from our race? No; its prevalence at this moment and its extension year by year are traceable to two causes.

As a nation we were always mighty drinkers of ale, and the statutes at large have endless ineffectual enactments to repress the evil. We then began to be strong drinkers of wine, and both ale and wine flowed on in a deepening flood; but the mightiest evil which is now upon us had not as yet arisen. For the last three hundred years alcohol, which till then had been almost confined to scientific experiments and to certain trades, became not only a common drink, but an agent with which both ale and wine were medicated giving to them new and intenser qualities of intoxication. The wines of Spain and Portugal are not only medicated for their transit, but for the English taste.

It is true, indeed, that our national tradition of intemperance is an inheritance of more than a thousand years, and the history of our national shame may be seen summed up in Father Bridgett's book, *The Discipline of Drink*. Evidence is there given how kings and parliaments strove to restrain the evil by legislation, and how bishops and councils both made and enforced severe penitential canons against the intemperate. For the last three hundred years these canons have had no application; and the legislative enactments have resulted in a system of licensing laws of which it will not be too severe a sentence to say, that all their barriers have been overwhelmed and swept away in the swelling flood of intoxicating drink.

It is not to be denied that the vice of intemperance is an heir-loom which cleaves to us like the shirt of Nessus.

But these evils might perhaps have been brought by legislative and moral authority within some control, were it not for two causes which have lifted it to its fatal pre-eminence. The first cause is the enormous capital of £130,000,000 or £140,000,000 which is annually

employed in the supply and sale and distribution of intoxicating drink; and the other the complicity of Government in raising more than £30,000,000 of revenue from the same trade.

The Drink Trade.

For the sake of brevity, the capital employed in the drink trade may be called a monopoly, held in the hands of some hundreds of distillers and wine merchants, some thousands of brewers and publicans, and all these with their servants covering the whole country, and numbering altogether nearly half a million of persons.

It is obviously the interest of these capitalists to drive onward their trade with all possible activity and expansion. The greater the demand, the better for them; the greater supply, the greater the multiplication of the places and the facilities of sale. They do not intend to make the population of the United Kingdom drunk; but in the prosperity of their trade the facilities of drunkenness are necessarily multiplied, and the increase of drunkenness is inevitable.

The statistics of the police in cities and boroughs, and throughout the country, are often quoted to show that intemperance is not upon the increase; but such statistics really prove nothing. They exhibit only what may be called criminal intemperance, that is, drunkenness coupled with contravention of the law. The police are instructed not to interfere with man or woman, however drunk, if they are quiet, and their feet can carry them home. They are charged only to arrest those that are "dangerously drunk" or "helplessly drunk."

Such statistics are absolutely valueless in the enquiry we have before us, namely, as to the extent of the moral, personal, domestic, private, and public vice of intemperance. It is enough to call attention to the fact of the steady increase, far exceeding the ratio of the increase in the population, both in the places where intoxicating drink is sold and in the capital which is employed in the trade.

In the year 1829 the places of sale were about 50,000; they are now, in 1886, nearly 200,000, that is fourfold; but the population has hardly doubled. Eighteen years ago, that is about the year 1868, the capital employed was estimated at £82,000,000. In 1880 it was estimated £138,000,000. Some years ago, in the time of commercial prosperity and of high wages, the amount was estimated at between £140,000,000 and £150,000,000.

Among all the trades in this country there is only one that always prospers. Every trade is at times depressed, but the drink-trade is always increasing; fresh capital is always ready; and the commercial interests of the great capitalists in this monopoly must always prompt them by all efforts to take advantage of every opening to increase their profits.

On one side are ranged the interests of this monopoly, the capital of which exceeds the capital employed in our great staples of iron or cotton or cloth; on the other are ranged the welfare of the people of the United Kingdom, the sobriety of our race, the order and well-being of homes, without which no common-wealth can long endure, for the political order rests upon the social, and the social order rests upon the domestic life of men.

This is a great controversy, and a vital issue. It is on its trial before the supreme tribunal of the public opinion and of the popular will of the nation; and for the last thirty years the public opinion and the popular will has been rising and spreading, resolved to try this issue against the powerful and growing drink-trade in behalf of the life and homes of the people.

The Complicity of the Government.

Much more ought to be said on this first cause of the evils under which we suffer, but it is necessary to pass to the second cause, namely, the complicity of our Government in raising one-third of its revenue from the trade in intoxicating drinks.

It is the most prosperous trade, and therefore the most

readily taxable. The rich do not complain of it, and the intemperate pay no heed to price. It has also a virtuous aspect, which is, nevertheless, illusory, namely, that by raising the price of drink the facilities of intemperance are diminished. It is certain that the most ascetic Chancellor of the Exchequer will go on resting in confidence on the tax on intoxicating drink. His interest in its prosperity is only second to the interest of the great monopoly.

It has been found in India that the taxes on drink and the taxes on opium are the readiest means of relieving the revenue, and the natives have in vain petitioned the Government to withdraw from this complicity, pleading that so long as it is the interest of the Government to raise the revenue by such taxes, the consumption and the sale of intoxicating drink and drugs will always increase. The same and more profoundly must be the belief of her Majesty's lieges in the United Kingdom.

A National Danger.

Unless what has hitherto been said can be refuted, our intemperance is not only the National Vice but a national danger. It is precisely in our great industrial cities and centres that the vice of drunkenness is most rife; and it needs little reflection to foresee what would be the condition of those centres, if, as some years ago, our great industries were to fail. When men and homes are suffering there is little reasoning. Hunger has no logic, but it has a burning thirst. The safety of the commercial world is being sacrificed to swell the profits of the drink-trade. But the safety of the Commonwealth is above both, and ought to interpose its mandate.

Hitherto the capitalists of the drink-trade and their friends, both political and interested, have swayed the elections, the House of Commons, and the Government. But in proportion as the suffrage has been extended to the people, men who know the needs and desires of the people have been sent to Parliament. The people have long lost confidence in licensing authorities. They wish to protect themselves.

The friends and advocates of the drink-trade have posed as the friends of the people. They have assumed to speak in the name of the people, and to plead their cause. We have been told that the people need and wish for public houses. It is strange then that the most popular House of Commons should contain nearly three hundred members pledged to local option; and about half of them in favour of a direct local vote.

It is surely intolerable that public-houses should be put down in the midst of the homes of our working men without their consent. It is they who suffer. It is they who pay for the evils of drink. It is their homes that are wrecked, their families and children that are ruined. Every motive of justice prescribes that they should be locally and personally consulted, and that they should be able by a free vote to speak for themselves, and to protect their own homes.

What is the Remedy?

Our National Vice will never be corrected from above. Governments, magistrates, and police have laboured, or seemed to labour, for these three hundred years to diminish or to control the spread of intemperance. They are too remote to influence the millions of the people. The coercive power of the police defeats itself.

What is wanted is not a mechanical repression, but a dynamical power which can only be found elsewhere. It has never been found in the upper classes of society. They are too far removed from the life of the people to be conscious of the immensity of the evils which exist below their own level in life; or they are directly interested as capitalists, or as possessors of house property; or they are prejudiced by the imprudence and exaggeration of certain persons, and will neither see nor listen; or they are too delicate to touch so vulgar a subject; or they are refined free livers themselves; or they are thoughtless of the wreck of souls; or, though never intoxicated, they are sometimes not sober; or they belong to the worst sort of idlers, triflers, and jokers,

who, if they are ever serious, lament the evils of intemperance and then mischievously obstruct the labours of more earnest men who are striving to save men, women, and children from the havoc of drink.

It is a sad truth that, though in our upper classes there is an ardent and resolute minority labouring against our national vice, there is a vast majority, either too deeply interested, or too little in earnest, to help those whom, consciously or unconsciously, they are persistently hindering. It is such as these who were forward some years ago in opposing Sir Wilfrid Lawson, because his Bill, as they said, was only a Permissive Bill, and not an Imperial and universally coercive Bill. They well knew that before such an universal coercive bill could be carried the end of the world would come. And if it had been carried it would have been a dead letter, for nothing could have enforced it short of martial law. Nevertheless, men of this kind were wont to declaim eloquently on the impossibility of making a nation sober by Acts of Parliament, and arguing that sobriety can only be attained by moral means.

The People must act.

We heartily accept this half-truth, and it is precisely because we believe that our National Vice can only be cured by a spontaneous, national, and moral movement, that we affirm that the only adequate power for its correction must come not from above, but from below.

It is in the people themselves alone, who have been so long beset by the multiplying facilities for intemperance, by the ubiquitous activity of the drink-trade, by the almost irresistible attractions of gin-palaces—it is only in the spontaneous action of the people, rising with their high moral sense in reaction against the system which has so long made their homes desolate and their lives intolerable, that an adequate remedy can be found.

We have already seen that, in the measure in which the electoral suffrage has been extended, the people have returned to Parliament men pledged for Local Option.

A still more luminous proof of this fact may be found in our Colonies, in which popular self-government exists in its fullest and healthiest form.

Already in the Dominion of Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, the young and popular Legislatures have closed the public-houses on Sunday, and are giving powers of Local Option to the people. It is impossible not to foresee that the example of the Colonies will re-act upon the mother country. Already Scotland and Ireland have Sunday Closing Acts. In spite of every form of evasion and opposition, the Sunday Closing Act in Wales holds its ground. Yorkshire, Durham, and Cornwall with a singular unanimity, have forced upon Parliament the Sunday Closing Movement. For the last six or seven years their Bills have been blocked, talked out, and contemptuously rejected.

But this will not be for ever. There is an onward movement in the public opinion and in the moral sense of this country which renders it inevitable that before long the people will obtain from Parliament a local vote in the matter of public-houses, as they already possess in the matter of education.

If Women could Vote!

Some years ago the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in treating of the suffrage of women, avowed its belief that, if women could vote, the Permissive Bill would be carried at once. Nothing can be more certain; for as our national vice wrecks the domestic life of the people, it is upon the women of the United Kingdom that the full and fierce misery springing from intemperance falls in its dire intensity.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

I.

"The Catholic Church fears and hates the Bible, and does all she can to keep it a closed book. In fact Catholics may not read the Bible." This in a few words is the genuine belief of Protestants as to the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the Bible. In fairness then let them just glance down the following pages to see what Catholics have to say about the matter. The facts given are only a few out of many, but they are sufficient to show that the Protestant belief is entirely wrong. The Catholic Church, astonishing as it may seem, surpasses all in the reverence which she pays to the Sacred Writings, and in the zeal and care with which she promotes their study. Before the 'reformers' began their work in Europe, the Catholic Church taught the people the Bible in a way that no Protestant Church has ever done since; indeed the Reformation instead of giving the people the Bible, took it away from them.

1. What the Catholic Church thinks of the Bible.

1. Pope Pius VI. (1778), wrote, "At a time when a great number of bad books.... are circulated among the

unlearned, . . . you judge exceedingly well that the *faithful should be excited to the reading of the Bible;* for this is the most abundant source which ought to be left open to everyone to draw from it purity of morals and of doctrine. . . . This you have seasonably effected . . . *by publishing the Bible in the language of your country* [viz., Italian] suitable to every one's capacity." This letter has since been commonly printed at the beginning of popular editions of the Catholic Bible.

2. Pope Pius VII. (1820), urged *the English Bishops to encourage their people to read the Bible*, saying: "Nothing can be more useful, more consolatory, more animating; because the Holy Scriptures (*i.e.*, the Bible) serve to confirm the faith, to support the hope, and to inflame the charity of the true Christian."

3. The American Catholic Bishops, assembled in Council, say to their people: "It can hardly be necessary to remind you, that *the most highly valued treasure of every family*, and the most frequently and lovingly made use of, *should be the Holy Scriptures* (*i.e.*, the Bible). We trust that no family can be found amongst us, without a correct version of the Holy Scriptures."

4. The *Catholic Church teaches* that God's Holy Spirit is the Author of the Bible, and that *the authority of the Bible is above that of all human reason:* that consequently any disrespect shown to the Bible by wrongly explaining it, by laughing at it, by turning it to profane uses, by throwing contempt upon it, or by attacking its sacred character is an offence against God.

5. *Opinions of Catholic Saints.* "Love the Bible, and God's Holy Spirit will love thee; cherish it and it will save thee, honour it and it will protect thee."[1] "To be ignorant of the Bible is to be ignorant of Christ."[2] "Full of delights is the Word of God; from it everyone draws what he needs."[3] "Let the Bible be ever in your hands, that like a shield it may turn aside the thoughts which trouble young souls."[4] "Love the Bible and you will not love the sins of the flesh."[5] "Read it frequently; learn as much as you can; let sleep find you with the Book in your hand, and let the sacred page receive your head as it drops in sleep."[6] "Human Nature has no suffering whether in body or soul that does not find its solace in the Bible."[7] "The Scriptures are letters sent to us from heaven."[8] "The Bible changes the heart of him who reads, drawing him from worldly desires to embrace the things of God."[9] "The earnest reading of the Scriptures purifies all things."[10] "What page, what word of the Bible that is not the truest rule for human life!"[11] "How sweet, O Lord, is Thy Spirit which the humble and pure heart drinks in by the love of thy holy Scriptures."[12]

"To think over the account given in the holy Gospels is alone sufficient to inflame a faithful soul with divine love. The contemplations which devout authors have

[1] S. Jerome, Ep. 130. n. 10. [2] Id. prolog. in Isaiam.
[3] Id. Brev. in ps. 147. v. 14. [4] Id. Ep. 79. n. 9.
[5] Id. Ep. 125. n. 11. [6] Id. Ep. 22. n. 17.
[7] S. Chrysostom, hom. 29. n. 1. [8] S. Augustine, In ps. 90, serm. 2. n. 1.
[9] S. Greg. Mag. Moral, l. 20. c. 1. [10] S. Augustine, serm. 302. n. 2.
[11] S. Benedict, Reg. c. 73. [12] Trithemius, de vir. illust. l. 2. c. 145.

written on the Passion are useful and beautiful, but assuredly a single word of Holy Writ makes a deeper impression on a Christian than a hundred or a thousand contemplations and revelations ascribed to some holy souls; for the Scriptures assure us that whatsoever they attest is certain with the certainty of divine Faith."[1]

"Excuse not thyself from reading by saying, I have a trade, a wife or a family. Thou hast all the greater need of the consolation and instruction of the Gospel."[2] "The whole of the Scripture tends to this:—to recall us from evil through fear, to stimulate us to good through love."[3]

"To neglect the reading of the Bible is as if we were to refuse light in darkness, shade in the burning heat, medicine in sickness."[4]

"The King of heaven, the Lord of Angels and of men hath sent you letters to be your life, and do you neglect to read them fervently?"[5]

Such expressions are common with all Catholic writers on the Bible.

6. *Opinions of the Monks.* I give the opinion of the monks, because, as everyone knows, the learning of the Middle Ages was almost entirely in their hands, and because in England, up to the time of the Reformation, their monasteries covered the land and they were the great teachers of the people both rich and poor. The

[1] S. Alphonsus Liguori.

[2] S. John Chrysostom, hom. 8 in Lucam. [3] Hugo a S. Charo, prol. in lib. Judicum. [4] S. Odo of Cluny, Collat. c 1.

[5] S. Greg. M. l. 4 Ep. 31.

monks of these houses lived according to the Rule of St. Benedict, who in one Chapter lays down seventy instructions for leading a perfect Christian life. According to this rule, so much of the monk's day was to be spent in reading or chanting portions of the Bible in the Church. A considerable time each day was to be given also to the study of the Sacred Scripture; much of it was to be learnt by heart; it was to be read aloud during meals, and during their other work the monks were to think over what they had been reading. And a thousand years after St. Benedict gave his Rule, a Benedictine monk wrote these words: "Two things have maintained the vigor and discipline of our Order, the love of God and the study of the Bible."

"If the Catholic Church," (I can imagine someone saying) holds such opinions about the Bible as these, why does she not use the Bible?" Let us see what use she does make of it.

II. An extraordinary delusion exists among Protestants that Catholics do not use the Bible.

1. The *public prayer books* of the Catholic Church are the "Breviary" and the "Missal" or Mass-book. The Breviary is taken almost *entirely from the Bible*;

and nearly the whole of the Mass-book is but a reprint from the Bible, so that to read the Breviary or the Mass-book is to read the Bible.

Catholic priests are solemnly bound by their profession to read portions of the Breviary daily to an amount which occupies about an hour. In our larger churches, in monasteries and convents this is publicly chanted and occupies about two hours.

The Mass also is read daily in our Churches and not only on Sundays.

Thus you see that the Bible is never long out of the hands of the Catholic priest. Certainly the clergy of no other denomination make such frequent, such devout, such careful use of the Bible, nor on any other clergy is the daily private reading of the Bible made obligatory.

Here I may add that in order that the priest may perform its sacred offices fittingly as well as be capable of preaching God's Word to the people, the Catholic Church allows no one to be ordained until he has spent some years in the study of the Scriptures, and she charges her ministers to be earnest in explaining the Sacred Text to the faithful.

2. *The Laity.* You have seen that the Mass-book and Breviary are little else than reprints from the Bible. I need not remind you that the Mass is the great public prayer of Catholics. And if you are ever present at Mass you will see that when the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is read the people stand, and the priest kisses the book out of reverence and love for the word of God. As to the Breviary, it is a common thing for the

laity to attend portions of its daily services: and before the Reformation nearly all who could read used to have copies of the Gospel, or of the psalter, or of that part of the services known as the "Little Hours," and were accustomed to read these at the fixed hours of the day.

3. It is a custom with many of the laity and with all the Catholic clergy to spend half an hour a day in a form of prayer called *meditation*, which nearly always consists in thinking upon some portion of the Bible, and then forming upon it some prayer to God. Here are the directions for "meditation" taken from a book used throughout Europe.

"When you offer up every morning, as you ought to do, the first fruits of the day given you by God, you should *select some text from the Bible*. . . . And then placing yourself on your knees if you can—and if you cannot, in some respectful attitude before the throne of God, you should proceed to analyse this text in order to arrive at the depth of its meaning, being well assured that nothing superfluous ever issued from the mouth of God. . . . You should then *consider what rules can be extracted from it for the guidance of life*. And finally you should give vent to your feelings of confusion, compunction, fear, gratitude, joy, praise, admiration or love, concluding with humble prayer. . . . And you should not then dismiss the text altogether from your thoughts, but *keep it in your mind* . . . . that you may be able . . . . during the day to repeat it." This is the common form of meditation among Catholics.

4. *The books of private prayers* in common use among Catholics such as the "Garden of the Soul," and the Bishops' "Manual of Prayers" consist largely of extracts from the Bible, and the rest is saturated with the thoughts and events contained in the Scriptures, even when the exact words of the Sacred text are not used as in the "Rosary," the "Stations of the Cross," the prayers of thanksgiving, the prayer for the Queen, &c.

This will be sufficient to show you that the Catholic Church holds the Bible in the highest estimation as being the comfort, the safeguard, the instructor, and the delight of the soul of man, and that as containing the forms of prayer to God; she has ever made daily use of it in her public offices, in the Mass, in her popular and private devotions, and is sufficient also to expose to you the falsehood and ignorance which accuse the Catholic Church of neglecting and fearing, even of hating the Bible.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

II.

The People owe the Bible to the Catholic Church.

The Protestant story is that Luther "discovered" the Latin Bible about 1507; that he was the first to translate it into German; that other reformers followed his example and made the first translation of the Bible into the languages of their countries; and that then for the first time the people came to know the Bible, for up to that date the Catholic Church had kept the Bible away from them. *All this is untrue.*

I—1. The Protestant *Church Times*, July 26, 1878, says: "This catalogue [of Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition at South Kensington 1877] will be very useful for one thing at any rate, as *disproving the popular lie about Luther finding the Bible* for the first time at Erfurt, about 1507. Not only are there very many editions of the Latin Vulgate, [*i.e.*, the Bible in Latin, the very thing Luther is pretended to have discovered,] but there are actually *nine German Editions of the Bible* in the Caxton Exhibition *earlier than 1483, the year of Luther's birth*, and at least three more before the end of the century."

2. We will now see what *Bibles the Catholic Church had printed before any Protestant Bibles* appeared. Remember that in those days all who could read, read Latin, and even preferred to read a Latin Bible rather than one in their own language. Before Luther's pretended discovery of the Bible, the Catholic Church had printed *over 100 editions* of the Latin Bible, which means many thousands of copies.

3. In *German* there were 27 editions before Luther's Bible appeared.

4. In *Italian* there were over 40 editions of the Bible before the first Protestant edition appeared.

5. There were *two in Spain* by 1515, one with the express *permission of the Spanish Inquisition.*

6. In *French* there were 18 editions by 1547; the first Protestant version appearing in 1535.

7. Speaking of *England*, Canon Dixon of Carlisle (Protestant), says: "From the earliest times the English Church or nation was *possessed of the Sacred writings* (*i.e.*, the Bible) through *the labours of monks and bishops.*"

You see therefore that it is silly to talk of the Protestant Churches being the first to give the Bible to the people.

II.—But what had the Catholic Church done to spread a knowledge of the Bible, before printing was invented in 1440, *i.e.*, all through the early and middle ages?

1. Rev. E. Cutts, D.D., (Protestant,) says: "Some people think that [the Bible] was very little read [in the Middle Ages] even by the clergy; whereas *the fact* is that the sermons of the mediæval preachers are more full of Scripture quotations and allusions than any sermons in these days; and the writers on other subjects are so full of Scriptural allusion, that it is evident their minds were saturated with Scriptural diction. . . . . Another *common error* is, that the *clergy were unwilling that the laity should read the Bible for themselves, and carefully kept it in an unknown tongue*, that the people might not be able to read it. The truth is, that most people, who could read at all could read Latin, and would certainly prefer to read the authorised Vulgate to any vernacular version," *i.e.*, preferred the Latin Bible to a Bible in their own language.

2. The "Quarterly Review" (Oct. 1879), says: "*The notion that people in the middle ages did not read their Bibles is probably exploded, except among the more ignorant of controversialists.* . . . The notion is not simply a *mistake*. . it is one of the most *ludicrous and grotesque blunders.*"

3. Dr. Maitland, another Protestant, says: "The writings of the Dark Ages [*i.e.*, the middle ages] are, if I may use the expression, made of the Scriptures. I do not merely mean that the writers constantly quoted the

Scriptures, and appealed to them as authorities on all occasions,—though they did this, and it is a strong proof of their familiarity with them—but I mean that they *thought and spoke and wrote the words the thoughts and phrases of the Bible, and that they did this constantly and habitually as the natural mode of expressing themselves.*"

4. It was the *principal occupation of the monks to study the Bible and multiply copies of it.* In the monasteries one of the chief places was set aside for this work. Even bishops and nuns sometimes wrote out the whole Bible with their own hand. There must have been thousands of copies made in this way in England alone.

III.—These facts, make it certain that those who could read, like the clergy, the nuns and the few learned laity, had plenty of Bibles, and evidently read and studied them; but by far the greater number of *the laity could not read:* how were they taught the Bible? They *were taught by the clergy and monks, who used* as means of instruction *paintings* and stained glass illustrating the events and lessons of the Bible, *poetry* in the hymns which embodied Bible history and teaching, *music* to which they set words from the Bible, the *stage* by sacred representations of scenes from the Old and New Testament, and the *Ceremonial* of the services of the Church in which, as the year went round, were presented, sometimes in almost dramatic form, the principal events of the life of Christ, and the history of God's dealings with man.

In those days, as said the Catholic Synod of Bishops at Arras in 1203, "Painting was the book of the ignorant, who could read no other." And for this reason in Catholic countries the walls of churches, of monasteries, of cemeteries, of cloisters, are covered with paintings representing scenes from the Old and New Testament. And in England up to the Reformation, the Catholic Church used all these ways to teach the people the Bible.

"In this country," writes Mr. Morley (Protestant), in his *First Sketch of English Literature*, "the taste for miracle plays was blended with *the old desire to diffuse*, as far as possible, *a knowledge of religious truth*; and therefore the sets of miracle plays acted by our town-

guilds *placed in the streets*, as completely as might be, *a living picture-Bible before the eyes of all the people*."

In Germany there was a celebrated set of 40 or 50 pictures of Bible subjects so popular and so much used that it was known as the *Bible of the Poor*.

Thus, you see, before the Reformation not only were there plenty of Bibles for those who could read, but the Catholic Church made use of every means at her disposal to teach the Bible to those who could not read.

IV. What then did the Reformers really do about the Bible? They pulled down the monasteries, where the Bibles were preserved and copied; they destroyed Bibles —anyone of which would have been worth £40 to £50 —by "shiploads;" they drove out all the monks, who had been the great copiers, explainers and teachers of the Bible. Then *they took away completely the Bible from the poor*, by destroying the paintings, stained glass, and ornaments of the Churches, by doing away with the ceremonial of the *Catholic Church*, and by destroying or forfeiting the property of the Catholic guilds: and *they have left the people for generations*, even to the present generation, *without any Bible* or means of learning the Bible; for not only did they destroy the "Bible of the Poor," but the new Protestant clergy, from their own ignorance and want of zeal for souls, never took the same pains as the old Catholic priests and monks to teach the Bible to those who could not read. And now after destroying the result of centuries of labour of the Catholic Church, after sweeping away as idolatrous the religious art of the Catholic middle ages, by which the people were taught the history and lessons of the Bible, after leaving the people for 300 years without their Bible, the Protestant teachers at last find that they must go back to the old methods, by which the Catholic Church up to the time of the Reformation, so successfully taught the people the word of God.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

III.

The Catholic Church and Bible Reading.

1. There are innumerable translations of the Bible into modern languages. Of these translations even those into the same language frequently differ very much, and often differ in most important passages. It is clear that these different translations cannot all give truly and faithfully the inspired sense of God's Word as it was in the original Hebrew, Greek or Latin. In other words, if by the Bible we mean the sacred writings in their inspired sense, and we can only mean this, we must declare that *many of these translations are not the Bible at all*, but only the work of men, who have put their own meaning in the place of the inspired sense of God's Word.

2. Thus the *Albigenses* taught that the visible world was created by an evil God, who was also the author of the Old Testament, and they quoted Rom. v. 20, together with other passages from the Scripture to prove this. They also asserted that the body of Christ was not real, and that sins committed after Baptism could not be forgiven. *To support these errors they made a new translation of the Bible* and explained it in their own sense. (Hallam, Middle Ages, ch. ix. pt. ii.)

3. The history of the authorised English version itself will also show you how *many English Bibles have been so incorrect that we cannot call them Bibles* at all. The pedigree of the Protestant English Bible is this: Tyndale's New Testament under Henry VIII., then Cranmer's Great Bible (1539), then the Bishops' Bible (1568) under Elizabeth, then the Authorised Version (1611) under James I., and finally the Revised Version under Queen Victoria (1881). Each of these editions of the Bible was brought out because the previous one was found not to give the Word of God in its true sense.

The Rev. J. H. Blunt (Protestant), in his history of

the Reformation of the Church of England, says: "In some editions of *Tyndale's New Testament* there is what must be regarded as a *wilful omission of the gravest possible character*, for it appears in several editions, and has no shadow of justification in the Greek or Latin of the passage, (1 Peter II. 13. 14). Such an error was quite enough justification for the suppression of Tyndale's translation."

With regard to the *Great Bible*, Cranmer himself declared to Convocation "that in the translations both "of the Old and New Testaments there *were many points which required correction.*" And he took a vote of the Upper House as to *whether the "Great" Bible could be retained without scandal to the learning of the clergy.* It was decided by a majority of the Bishops that it should not be retained." (Blunt Reform. I. c. 10.) This Great Bible was succeeded by the Bishops' Bible, which was displaced in a few years by another version, and this in its turn was put aside by the Authorised Version of James I., which was corrected in 1881 by the Revised Version.

I will give you one example to show you how *unreliable even the Authorised Version is.* In 1 Cor. xi. 27, this version reads "whoever shall eat this bread *and* drink this cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." This text is of great importance, as it has been used to support the teaching of the Protestant churches as to the necessity of Communion under both kinds. The Revised Version however corrects this translation and the text now stands "whoever shall eat this bread *or* drink this cup, &c." which is the translation given in the English Catholic Bible, and it confirms the Catholic teaching of communion under one kind. As to the Victorian revision, many learned men consider that in many places it gives an incorrect translation. Thus you see that *the English Protestant translation of the Bible has been changed many times and gave false meanings in very important passages.*

4. Now what does the Catholic Church do about reading the Bible in *these translations?*

1. First, you must remember what I have told you about the Catholic Church encouraging Bible-reading

in correct translations, and also remember that *the Catholic Church made her own translations* of the Bible into modern languages, *as soon as ever the people could read them and wanted them,* and LONG BEFORE PROTESTANTS took the matter in hand. (See Hallam, Ibid.)

2. Secondly, the Catholic Church never forbade reading the Bible until the time of the Albigenses, of whom I have just told you, when she very rightly forbade *their* translations to be read.

3. You have seen how many incorrect translations of the English Bible were printed. With regard to all these and other translations of the Bible a Catholic would say, "my Church has her own translations of the Bible into all modern languages, so that we do not require any other translations. Moreover, as you have seen, we find that many of the translations made by Protestants and others are full of errors, some of the gravest kind, so our Church forbids us to read them. And if the errors in the translation are serious, she points out that the *translation is really not the Bible at all,* and says that the translator has turned the Gospel of God into a Gospel of Man;" or even into a "Gospel of the Devil." Now you can see that this is not the same thing as forbidding us to read the Bible, nor is it calling God's Holy Word a "Gospel of the Devil." Our Church also, when it finds men spreading about copies of these translations, as do the Bible Societies, condemns these Societies. Sometimes these Bible Societies have tried to spread Bibles among the children of the Irish Schools. And again our Church very rightly forbids this, *for all sensible people are agreed that it is not right to let children have* the whole Bible to read.

5. You see then how careful the Catholic Church is to secure correct translations of the Bible for Catholics to read. *Compare this with the way Luther acted.* One day Luther was found translating a passage of the Bible by "Man is justified by faith *alone*," whereas the true translation should be merely "Man is justified by faith"!! When his companion objected to his altering the Word of God in this way, he answered: "*Your Papist makes a great fuss about this addition of the word*

'only.' Tell him, Dr. Martin Luther wills that it should be translated in this way . . . . We do not wish to be the disciples of *Papists, who look on altering the Scriptures as a Sin"!!!* (Döllinger, Reformation, Vol. III.)

6. The truth then of the whole matter is this: The Catholic Church has the highest reverence for the Bible because it is the Word of God.

By her laws she obliges all her clergy to study it. By the instructions of Popes and Bishops she urges the laity to read it. The writings of her Saints and great teachers are full of passages pointing out the priceless treasure we possess in the Bible, and insisting on the duty of its reverent study.

The Catholic Church takes her public prayer-books almost entirely from the Bible: her private prayers are also in great part derived from the Sacred Scriptures. The Catholic Church collected the various writings which form the Bible, preserved them, and by the labours of numberless monks multiplied copies of them before printing was invented: and then at once she made and printed translations into the modern languages. The Catholic Church and only the Catholic Church ever really taught the Bible to the people at large, and for this purpose she employed painting, poetry, music, sacred plays and the ceremonial of her services. By these means the people, very few of whom could read, were made familiar with the Bible story and teaching. The Reformers swept away all these things, and thus deprived the people of their only means of becoming acquainted with the Word of God, for it was and is useless as a means of instruction to scatter Bibles amongst people who cannot read. Hence the Reformers instead of giving the Bible to the people took it away from them.

For 1200 years the Catholic Church never interfered with the reading of the Bible, and when since that time she has condemned particular translations of the Sacred Scriptures, she has done so, not because they were translations of the Bible into a spoken language, but because they were *not* translations of God's Word.—(Read "The Bible and the Reformation," by Allnatt, The Catholic Truth Society. Price 2d.)

A Christmas Lesson.

BY LOUISA E. DOBRÉE.

"I WISH poor people were not so dirty!"

The speaker was a tall girl, with a maze of corn-coloured hair, a sweet expression, and large grey eyes. It was a week before Christmas, and she was having her afternoon tea with two other girls, much about her own age, and moving in the same set in London.

One of the girls, a little brown-eyed thing in ruby plush and cashmere, laughed at Dora's remark, as she extended her hand for her tea which the latter was handing to her. The hand had enough diamonds on it, though by no means overweighted, to have kept a poor family for I am afraid to say how long a time, and the cup was one of a set belonging to Dora's mother, which had been in the Vaughan family for many generations.

"What made you say that, Dora? have you been East-ending?"

"I?—no, thank you. It is a fashion that has no charms for me," said Dora; "only this afternoon Thomas drove me back from the city, where I had been for a book for father, by some most dreadful slums. I had never been through them before, and I was particularly struck with the dirt and disorder. The children who were running about were grimed with dirt; the women looked as if they never washed, and the houses were all in keeping. It quite depressed me to see it."

"Thomas should not have taken you that way," said Alice King, who had a fair pretty face. "Like you, seeing poverty always depresses me. I cannot think why they don't keep themselves clean and orderly."

"And yet," said Tessa, who was Alice King's sister, "they are all human beings."

"Yes, but quite another order—*just* human beings, but that is all," said Dora. "I mean, of course, they have souls, but one can't look upon them as having feelings and interest like ourselves."

"Whose fault is it?" asked Tessa, thoughtfully, her diamonds flashing in the fire-light. She was engaged to be married to a rich man, and suddenly it had come before her that this great gulf between rich and poor was an anomaly. It was like a hiatus, and that, as she was aware, is quite out of the order of nature, and it flashed upon her that it was unnatural in the social order of things. Thought is more rapid than words, and in that instant Tessa had faced a problem that has puzzled a good many wiser heads than hers.

"O really, Tessa—that is just like you!" said Alice. "Tessa is always wanting to sound things to the bottom—I prefer taking life from the top."

"And I don't understand politics at all. One of my friends, Helen Davis, wants me to join the Women's Liberal Association; she wears a shamrock and goes in for Home Rule and all that kind of thing: and Lady Grafton *will* bother me about the Primrose League, and wants me to be a Dame. Politics never interested me, and if it were a matter of pleasing them I should join both things, as long as I was not expected to do anything."

"You would be a valuable assistance, I should say, to whoever secured you," said Charlie Vaughan, who had just entered and heard his sister's speech.

"Well, women have nothing to do with those matters, I think," said Dora; "and if a subject does not interest one, why be bothered about it?"

"It does interest me," said Tessa; "anything about people does."

"Not dirty people ?"

"Yes, dirty people and poor people, and I like to get an insight into their lives. Mother won't let me visit : but wait—"

"Till you are Lady Gray ?"

Tessa blushed. "Yes, I shall try and do something. There must be a link between the extremes of poverty and us rich people."

"There is," said Charlie, thoughtfully ; "and that link is Charity."

"Oh, relieving—like Charity Organizations of all kinds."

"No, Charity—Love," said Charlie shortly. At that moment the conversation stopped as visitors were announced, and the two girls drew their furs over their pretty dresses and went down to their carriages, which had been waiting for them for the last hour.

Dora entertained her visitors charmingly. There was always a pleasure in seeing her, for she was bright and cheerful, ready to sympathize with people, and with a quiet dignity about her that effectually checked all gossip. People never offered her dainty morsels of society slander, for they knew that it would be unwelcome, and her own purity of thought—her life unspotted from evil—did its little work for God.

She was a religious girl in her way—went to her duties regularly at Farm Street, and gave money when asked for it for the poor ; but she knew more about the habits and ways of the South Sea Islanders than she did of the thousands of her fellow creatures whose lives were being passed in squalor and misery within a few yards of her own door. When she heard in sermons of the duty of actually knowing the poor and helping their lives by personal intercourse, it never touched her. She thought it concerned old maids and Sisters of Charity, and she always felt that she was very thankful she had no vocation to the life of the latter and was unlikely to add to the ranks of the former.

After tea, Dora went up to her mother, who was not well ; read to her, and then had an hour's play with the

children in the nursery, for her mother had married again, and there was a very enchanting trio of little ones guarded by an elderly Scotch nurse, two nursemaids, and a nursery governess. Dora sat on the floor, allowed her hair to be pulled down, and told fairy tales till the gong reverberated through the house, and she had to be almost smothered with kisses ere she went to dress for dinner.

"Alison," she remarked to her maid, who was brushing out her hair and then plaiting it in thick plaits, "you will not forget about the lace on my dress?"

"No, ma'am, I was doing it this afternoon," said Alison. "And please, ma'am, may I remind you of the flowers?"

"Yes, thank you, Alison," said Dora; "I have remembered. I went to-day to Craxell and Derrick and said I must positively have some more of that stephanotis made, and I said I would write to whoever it is who makes it."

"Did they tell you, ma'am? Very often they dislike letting you know who actually work for them," said Alison.

"At first the girl would not, and made all kinds of excuses, but she saw I was determined."

"Generally it's poor people, ma'am, somewhere quite in the poor parts, who work for the shops, so I have heard say."

"Yes, I believe so," said Dora carelessly; "but these can't be very poor, for the address is Paradise Street and that sounds nice, though it is S.E. I told the woman, Knox is the name, to bring them here and I would pay for them."

"Will they come to-morrow, ma'am?" asked Alison.

"Yes, Alison. I sent the note by post this afternoon, and I suppose they will come to-morrow. I said they must positively come to-morrow, as those kind of people don't keep their word usually, and so I thought it was better not to leave it till the next day."

A little later Dora went down to the drawing-room, where she made a pretty picture in her cream-coloured dinner dress.

"Charlie, what did you mean about love?—I did not understand," said Dora, as the sight of her brother reminded her of the afternoon's conversation.

"I have not thought about it much myself, little sister," said Charlie, "until lately, and—"

"And—O do tell me, Charlie," said Dora, who loved her brother dearly. He had been away for some time and they had not met for more than a year. And a year—especially when people are young—may contain a record of many varying phases of thought and marked epochs in their intellectual and spiritual lives. There was a difference in Charlie that Dora had felt instinctively after the first half-hour he had been with her, and curiosity as much as any other motive was prompting her to try and discover its cause.

Charlie flushed. "I don't know how I came to speak to-day. The words were spoken before I had thought of it. What I mean, Dora, is, that it does not do to form a circle round 'our insular point in space,' as Mrs. Browning calls it. It is only by looking out and beyond where we are ourselves that we can really see and touch the lives of those who are far off—removed by circumstances and their lot in life—and it is only love that can give us the power to do this."

"To love the poor people?"

"To love all for whom Christ died," said Charlie, slowly, "not with a natural love—that may not be possible to all, though it is to some—but with a love that He who came to us at the first Christmas will give us."

"And then?"

"You will be shown what to *do*. And now—there is just time before father comes in—I will read you this."

It was a little poem by a Protestant,* one who has, however, caught the Catholic spirit and line of thought—

* Phillips Brooks.

O little town of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent hours go by.

Yet in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light,
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

The morning stars together
Proclaim Thy holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

How silently, how silently,
The wonderous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessing of His Heaven.

No ear may hear His coming;
But in the world of sin
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

Where children pure and happy
Pray to the Blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to Thee,
Son of the Mother mild;

Where Charity stands watching,
And Faith holds wide the door,
A dark night wakes, the glory breaks
And Christmas comes once more.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin and enter in
Be born in us to-day.

We hear the Christmas angel,
The great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

Silence followed as Charlie ceased.

"Well?"

"I can't make head or tail of it, dear, in connection with what we were talking of," said Dora sweetly; and Charlie was saved from further reply by the entrance of Mr. Andigham, who ten minutes before had awoke from a reverie on beetles to discover that the gong must have sounded for dinner many minutes ago. He was devoted to natural history, and his wife often had a trying time of it, especially when they were in their country house at Windsor, for Mr. Andigham was very untidy, and put his specimens wherever the fancy of the moment suggested. Mrs. Andigham confided her woes to her very intimate friends, who deeply sympathized with her, and were thankful that a merciful Providence had not bestowed such a taste on any of their respective husbands!

That same evening, as Dora, at Lanton Square, was at dessert, enjoying some particularly expensive and choice fruits which her step-father had procured for her, a girl just her own age was reading her note which came by the evening post

Ten feet square was the average size of any room in Paradise Street, and Fanny Bignel and her mother occupied the front one on the first floor of No. 10. Three other families occupied the three remaining rooms—in a room next their own, a father, mother and five boys existed—it would be an abuse of language to say they lived.

In the one room occupied by any family, be it remembered, all was done that that family required. It was general sleeping room, kitchen, nursery, washhouse, and living room all combined in one—often, too, it was a work-shop as well.

The room Fanny Bignel was in was extremely dirty, and the walls were of a light brown in some places and a dark brown in others. There were a few shelves on the walls, almost empty, for everything that could be pawned had been pawned, and there was literally no furniture at all, save the bed on which her widowed mother lay and a table upon which were implements for flower-making, close to which was a chair on which Fanny was seated.

"What is it? The knock startled me. 'Tisn't often a postman knocks here."

"It's a letter, mother, for me," said Fanny, reading the note by the light of a small paraffin lamp.

"A letter for you," said the woman drearily. "Dear, dear!"

"Yes, it's from a lady at the West End; she must have got my address from the shop, and she wants some more stephanotis done by to-morrow. She says I'm to bring it."

"Well, mind you do, Fanny; you were always a good girl to keep your word."

The words were slowly spoken, and a fit of coughing succeeded the effort to speak. Fanny rose hastily, an as she bent over her mother there was unspeakable love and tenderness in her face, plain as it was. She had not a good feature, and her low forehead was completely hidden by thick fringe, very much like tow in colour and texture. It was a roughly-hewn face, and yet tenderness and gentleness illumined it.

Perhaps it was beautiful in the sight of the angels—who knows!

"There, mother—is that more comfortable;"

"Yes, Fanny—Fanny—my girl, you'll keep to your Church when I'm gone."

"All right, mother—you know I ain't a saint—but I'll go sometimes."

"You'll say a prayer for me, Fanny—and—and—oh I be so thirsty!"

The poor woman gave a gasp, and though the room was chill and cold—for there was no fire in the grate—her brow was damp, and she flung back the bed-clothes that seemed to oppress her breathing.

"If I could but only—"

"What, mother?"

The mother turned her eyes towards her child and hesitated.

She could see that Fanny had wasted during the last few months, when she had been in constant attendance on her mother, employing all her time in between in flower-making. Her cheeks were very white, and there were rings of dark shade round her eyes, and the girl's ill-fitting dress hung loosely upon her. She knew more than Fanny guessed how the latter had denied herself to get food for her, and guessed a little—just a little—of Fanny's sweet self-sacrifice.

"Tell me, mother—is it—is it anything I can get you?"

Poor Fanny! How her heart ached at that moment. She knew well enough that her mother lacked many of the comforts—nay, nearly all of them, which those could have who could afford to get them. But the end was coming—she was sure of that; and surely—surely, if her mother expressed a wish, she might try and get it for her!

She prayed now and then, and she sent up a prayer then and there to Our Lady asking her—begging her—to help her.

By Fanny's tone to her mother one would have thought she had riches at her command, and all that money could give. She did not want to betray the fact that there was not a halfpenny in the house, and that her mind was puzzling over the solution of a fresh difficulty: how was she to get the materials for the flowers?—unless she got them that night she could not go on.

The sick woman heaved a sigh.

"I'll see the priest to-morrow, Fanny—you go and fetch him."

*

Fanny had wanted her to see the priest for long time, but Mrs. Bignel would not consent; and when she spoke thus, Fanny was sure that she knew her end was near.

The poor woman sank back on her pillow, and Fanny turned the lamp low for a few minutes while she thought over things.

Mrs. Bignel breathed laboriously, and every breath was pain; but on her face there was a look that no one on earth could have read aright. On the poor dying face was a little flicker of triumph—she had been so near, so dangerously near, saying she wished for some oranges; and she had kept back the words for fear Fanny should not have the money for them.

Fanny felt as if she could breathe more freely now that her mother had said she would see the priest, and that she had not expressed any special longing for something she could not get her.

How to get the materials for those flowers Fanny could not conceive, and as she thought, she rose and looked around the room.

Her eyes fell on a paper parcel on the floor, and she picked it up to find that she had plenty of material left—she had quite forgotten it, and Fanny could have kissed the white cotton which she saw lying in the paper.

In a minute she was going to turn the light up and set to work, when a glance at her mother's face arrested her attention. The eyes were closed and the lips were so parched and by an involuntary movement betrayed the thirst which she was suffering but which she would not have revealed to Fanny. She had drunk water till she could drink no more, and as she lay there, still, save for her heavy breathing, visions of cool fruit came before her.

"Mother—I must go down the street after some more wire. You bide quiet."

"Yes—yes—there's Big Ben!"

"It's only nine o' clock," said Fanny, cheerfully; and she seized her hat, which was made of straw turned up on one side and adorned with a big feather, and drawing on her jacket went out, and down the stairs.

The house was noisy enough that night. The inhabitant of the down-stair front room was having a "few words" with his wife, and to the uninitiated I may remark that a "few words" in that locality meant pretty severe accentuation of the language with fist or anything that came handy in the way of a weapon.

A boy in the back room was practising an accordion, and three children were screaming and quarrelling, while their mother made repeated suggestions of "smashing their heads" unless they were quiet. They were used to the threat, and went on according to their own sweet will.

Fanny stopped at the front door a moment and then drew off her boots swiftly and carried them under her arm as she walked along, her thin stockings, full of holes, barely protecting her feet from the cold of the pavement, which struck a chill through her. She had felt so cold, and her fingers were so numb, she could hardly undo the buttons, but she was colder now and the chill frosty air struck her through and through. Her feet ached with cold, and as she had plenty of chilblains, every step she took was a source of suffering. She did not betray it, however, and there was quite a jaunty air on her face as she slouched into a pawnbroken's round the corner and flung the boots down on the counter, bending her face on her hand as she leant there surveying the shop and its occupant coolly.

"Want to pop 'em?"

"What else would I come here fur, eh?"

"Well, don't be so stuck up—none o' yer sauce!" said the man, leering at Fanny, who returned the look calmly. Only those who knew her face could have detected what she was going through.

"Ninepence."

"A shilling—shan't let 'em go for less," answered Fanny; a faint trembling at her heart as she spoke. She knew she was at the man's mercy and would have to give in. Had she smiled back at him and made herself agreeable by some speeches in his fashion, he might have favoured her. But she would

not do that—she held her own, come what might; and many a man had got a black eye for trying ways common among other girls, but which she would not suffer.

"Take 'em elsewhere, then," said the man; and Fanny took up the boots and walked half a mile further, where three more golden balls hung over a door. Here she got tenpence, and purchasing some oranges, she went back towards Paradise Street, her feet aching, and yet a gladness at her heart that made up for it all. Yes, though she was alone in the world but for her mother, and that mother was dying, and she had not tasted food since morning.

Mr. Andigham's delight at seeing dainty Dora picking at the expensive crystallized fruit, all done up in silver paper, was not equal to the happiness with which Fanny held her three oranges in a bag under her jacket. Holding the fruit there meant to her an outward sign of something very sweet. It meant that her poor mother, who had so often denied herself for her, should have what her love had divined she had fancied.

That she had guessed rightly she saw at once as the woman's eyes brightened and she tried to thank her.

"You are—you are a good girl, Fanny; how did you get 'em?"

"Never you mind; they've come down from the skies," said Fanny, attempting to be cheerful.

She was very near the mark. For all deeds of loving self-sacrifice are prompted by divine grace which comes down to this poor earth to touch and transmute common actions and trivial deeds, and make them as jewels in the sight of the company of Heaven.

Towards early morning, between two and three, there seemed a space of stillness over the locality. Fanny had been working on by the faint light of the lamp, and finding it difficult to do so, as her fingers were numb. Nothing but the force of long habit could conquer the intense coldness, and she went on mechanically, pressing her hands now and then against the lamp

chimney, and yet in that action she had to be careful, for fear of breaking the glass.

The noises around ceased. Downstairs the few words had ended and all was still, the boy with the accordion had gone to bed at last, his mother was sleeping heavily, and the street itself was quiet. There was a very faint murmur of sound in the distance, the far-off rumble of an occasional cab or hansom, and, at intervals, the booming sound of Big Ben.

Fanny saw that her mother slept, and she was thankful for that, for she was enabled to advance with her work, and gradually the fair white flowers grew under her skilful fingers. They were beautifully made, and Fanny put her whole heart into her work, taking great pains with every detail. As she worked she wondered now and then who was going to wear the flowers; she supposed it was the lady who had written her that note and who signed herself "Dorothea Vaughan." She supposed she was a proud lady, and rather wondered how she had come to hear of her, it never occurring to her that the shop she worked for would have said who made so many of their flowers.

Parenthetically I may observe that the new hand, who had given Dora Fanny's address, was dismissed at once.

Fanny had read of the doings of the rich, and her knowledge had been obtained through cheap papers and penny journals of the lowest class of literature. It was like a fairy tale to her, something very misty and unreal, and she did not trouble her head about them much.

Towards three o'clock she felt that she could work no longer, and eating the bread she had bought for herself when out, she tumbled into bed by her mother's side, making from habit the sign of the cross as she did so. She slept late, and then her first effort, after giving her mother some tea, was to go for a priest; for though Mrs. Bignel had not been to church for years, at the last the light of early faith was rekindled in her soul, and she knew, after long years of carelessness, after all her neglect of God, how to come back to Him.

It was not till evening that Fanny had finished the flowers, and then, packing them up, she set off to walk to Lanton Square. The woman in the downstair back room lent her a pair of boots—the ones she was wearing herself—doing the kindly deed as a matter of course, and with kind but rough words stopping Fanny's thanks.

To walk miles in the wet—for it had turned to rain—was not likely to improve the boots, and the woman knew quite well that Fanny could not return the kindness in any way.

Truly, the alms of the poor, done not for the sake of reward and costing actual self-sacrifice to make them possible, are ever in "remembrance before God." What a revelation it will be at the Last Day! What a store of wondrous surprises is being laid up for those whose lives on earth have been crushed and maimed by the pressure of grinding poverty and who have yet been generous of their little and lavish in the expenditure of what by tact and thoughtfulness they had to spend upon their fellow sufferers.

It was a feeling of genuine kindliness—of the politeness which had been defined as good nature refined—which rang through Mrs. Rank's parting words:

"I'll go up and sit with your mother a bit when your parson's gone—and don't you trouble about the boots gettin' a bit wet; it'll stretch 'em, and they was tightish for me, and you bein' taller your feet's bigger nor mine."

Lanton Square was reached at last, and Fanny, feeling tired out from anxiety, want of food and close work, went down the area steps glancing, as she did so, at the warmly-lighted house.

"Miss Vaughan is at dinner," the servant said; and when Fanny asked if she could be paid, there was a demur.

"How much is it?—I might send up and tell her," said the servant, who was a kind-hearted girl, and was struck with Fanny's face.

Fanny named the price, which was one-fourth what Craxell and Derrick charged Dora.

The message, duly filtering through successive stages,

at last reached the butler who, in a subdued tone, told it to Dora, wdo was laughing at some excellent joke of a cousin of hers. There were several people at dinner, for the Andighams and Vaughans were all gathering for Christmas.

"The girl is waiting, please ma'am."

"Very well—I can't pay it now—tell her to come to-morrow," said Dora, and the message filtered down to Fanny, who went up the area steps more heart-sick and weary than she had ever felt before; and yet there was no bitterness in her heart, no angry comparison of her lot with that of those whose house she had just left.

Christmas Eve came, and Dora went with her brother to kneel beside the manger at a small church near their house. The church was half-lighted, the priests were busy in the confessionals, and people knelt in all parts of the church, which was very still. Only the sound of feet as some one went or came from a confessional broke the silence.

It had been a sudden thought of Dora's, and one which Charlie agreed to, when in the evening, she had suddenly suggested it.

Mrs. Andigham was still in her room, trying to get rid of a cold in her head by an extra amount of coddling and sundry visits from her pet doctor; and as she had declared that she must write some Christmas letters, they had no hesitation in leaving her.

Brother and sister had walked in silence to the church, their thoughts very differently occupied. Dora was thinking over a letter she had just written, which had decided her lot in life, for it was to accept as her future husband her old friend Dickie Trenton: and Charlie was turning over in his mind some of the things that had been as perplexed music to him, perplexed sounds rather, for as yet it was discord—how to reconcile the easy-going luxurious nineteenth century life with the actual needs of the life around him! He had spoken truly when he said love was the connecting link—theoretically, it was; but he failed to see how it was so practically, and when

he had told Dora "you will be shown what to do," he was speaking to himself as much as to her.

It often happens so. Things are most uneven and perplexed to our own souls, and we would that an angel from heaven would appear to decide our way. The ordinary guides, the common means by which we seek to obtain the Divine light on our path, seem placed on one side; we cannot use them with our old facility, and then there comes within our touch some human being, with needs like our own, with problems such as ours, seeking our help to their solution. And we in our own absolute darkness, which presses on our souls with intense reality, feel an awe upon us! Not wonderful that we should, for we are strangely close to Him who is holding out a hand to us so that by touching it we can be strong to help others. And we can speak—hardly knowing why or how our very words come, and we marvel at their fitness to our own needs, as they fall upon the ears of those who with uplifted faces try to read the Will of God from our lips.

It was darkness before the dawn for both these children of wealth, who had lived always the soft lives of ease and luxury, whose very eyes and ears had seen and heard little or nothing of how so many, young like themselves, were living in want and poverty, if not worse. Believing in the absolute certainty of a Divinity shaping the ends of all, it cannot be that we would question the wisdom which is at once creator and ordainer of the lots of men. But set as every individual is in the circle which, touching earth, mounts till it reaches round about the Throne, the circle of soul life, the very breath of God, in its threefold power, there must be some way of uniting what to natural eyes seems inseparable.

And Charlie was gradually seeing that it could be done. Yes, without necessarily quitting the state of life in which each was placed, but by throwing out the circle of the life horizon further and further, and lending all the powers of mind and will to doing the duty lying nearest with all perfection.

Brother and sister made their way up the church and

knelt by the manger. The images were not very wonderful; it cannot be recorded that they were the work of any great artist, but there is much in the eyes that behold, and each mind gives or robs all visible things of beauty.

The miraculous image of the Roman Bambino, which is so ugly to our artistic taste—as it undeniably is—what did it seem like to St. Francis of Assisi?

As Dora knelt there, her beautiful furs round her, and her hands clasped in silent, strong petition, the verses that Charlie had read to her came back to her—

O holy Child of Bethlehem
Descend to us we pray!
Cast out our sins and enter in
Be born in us to-day.

Curious how each thought is linked "by many a hidden chain!" The verses as they came back to her mind recalled the evening on which Charlie had read them to her, and the conversation about her dress.

Yes, to Dora's carefully sheltered life there had been great security from many temptations, and her faults had been few. But at that moment the fact of a small duty left undone burst before her as in letters of fire.

"Charlie—come!"

Charlie started. His eyes were fixed on the figure of the Mother of all souls, his heart was going out to her in deep thrilling love. He was asking her to take his love and his life and offer them to her Divine Son, knowing that no offering is to Him so sweet as when it is held with her pure hands.

He rose and followed Dora, and was surprised to see by the light of the lamp which was close to the church door, that she was in tears.

"Charlie—I can't think what put it into my mind as I knelt in church, but I do feel so sorry that I did not pay that girl for some flowers. You remember my telling you?"

"Those white flowers you had on your gown the other night at Lady Scapton's?"

"Yes—do you know I forgot to leave the money for her the second time she came, and it dawned upon me just now perhaps she was poor and wanted it. What can we do?"

"Can you post it to her?"

"Yes—I suppose so. But Charlie—will you think me very wild if I tell you I should like to go myself and take it to her?"

"Not at all," said Charlie, "provided that I go with you."

"Very well—hail that cab, will you?"

Charlie did so, and after a long and, as it seemed to them, interminable drive they reached Paradise Street and in a few minutes Dora had gone up the creaking stairs to the room the half-tipsy landlady indicated. She felt as if she were in a dream—it was all so unlike anything she had come in contact with before; little as she could see, the bad smell of the house, the noise and the narrow staircase were all new experiences. Fanny was there sitting by a poor badly-made coffin, the lid of which was open and in which was her mother who was to be buried by the parish the next day after Christmas.

"I have brought you—O I am so sorry you are in trouble!" said Dora, as Fanny rose at the extraordinary sight of a lady.

"My mother—I've bin expecting of it for some time, but it's always bad when it comes," said Fanny, and her dry tearless eyes struck Dora. The scene was so strange—the open coffin, the white-faced girl trying to mend up an old black dress given her by a neighbour, and in sharp contrast to this a pile of crimson flowers at which Fanny had been working all day.

"I hope you did not want the money very badly," said Dora; "I am so sorry you had to come twice."

"Well we had no coal—and I was pretty hungry, miss, but it didn't matter. All the coals in the world wouldn't have kept *her*," she said, glancing at the coffin, "and I didn't mind for myself."

Dora learnt a lesson that night of consideration and care for others that she never forgot. In a very

short time her eyes were opened, and she beheld what she had never dreamt of. It was to her an astounding revelation to learn even a very little of what Fanny's life had been which the girl told her bit by bit in her own way. She found that this rough girl, dirty and plain, living in this misery, was a girl like herself, with all a girl's love of enjoyment, and that love had had to be starved. She found the same strong passion, of love for her mother, as she had for hers, and though the girl did not betray all or any of her acts of self-denial that she could not help, Dora quickly guessed a good deal.

"Charlie," she said, when she joined her brother; "I have found the connecting link!"

"Yes?"

"It's the lesson of to-night—the Christmas lesson."

"I know what you mean," said Charlie. "It's the great teaching of the Incarnation—that to redeem and to save there is but one way. And if God could so subject Himself as to come to us surely—."

Dora finished the sentence.

"One scarcely dares say it—for it seems like irreverence—but still in our poor way we can lay ourselves before the Holy Child of Bethlehem, and ask Him, as He came to men, so to help us to leave our surroundings and go down wherever He is in the persons of His poor."

Fanny got a place at a sweet-shop and worked hard, kept straight, went to Mass and tried to be good.

Dora did not build a recreation hall for girls at the East End—she did not institute any specially organized work for helping the poor—she did not become a district visitor or a Sister of Charity; her lot in life was fixed, and the next Easter she had married her old friend Dickie Trenton. But the Christmas lesson was never forgotten. She had learnt that "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart;" and she is able to help and lighten the lives of many simply by doing the duty lying nearest. And against one thing she waged war, and by her zeal made others do the same,

and that was the system known as the sweating system. *That* was a duty clear enough—to discourage it, to put it down by all means in her power, and to rouse the sympathies of others.

And as life grew on, hers was an ever-increasing horizon, and a very markedly increasing perfection. For happily the Dora who thought the poor had not the same thoughts and feelings as herself is that Dora who was laid low at the feet of the Christ-Child one Christmas Eve and who, touched by the one powerful hand that made the world, had risen up strong and brave to help Him in all humility and yet in all confidence and in His strength to work for Him in the way of His own appointing.

To Dora had come that night the blessing that the Christ-Child will give to all who seek it—that of open eyes to see and ready hearts to feel that the misery of the world may be helped by each doing what he or she can. And such a blessing is indeed a coming of the Divine Life to our poor humanity. To them the dark night of indifference to the sorrows of the world breaks indeed : " and Christmas comes once more."

A Letter and its Consequences.

By M. M.

Just before Christmas there is much to be done, and there are many to be taken thought for ; therefore it was decidedly inconvenient to Mrs. Prothero when on Christmas Eve her nurse asked for a holiday ; but the woman's friends were up from the country, so she let her go and herself took charge of the children. They were only two, a pair of little boys, one six years of age, the other four. They had their dinner with their mother in the morning-room, and after the table was cleared Mrs. Prothero put a wire-guard before the fire, gave them some toys, charged them to be good, and went away about her manifold cares and employments. From time to time, however, she glanced into the room to make sure that all was well.

"We're all right, mother," bawled out Arthur, knowing well that the object of his mother's visit was twofold ; "we're all right. Bertie's only got his own bricks there," nodding in patronizing approval of his younger brother on the hearthrug.

Mrs. Prothero laughed, and looked at Arthur as though in her opinion there were more elements of mischief in him than in the little one ; but on this occasion Master Arthur in his proud innocence could stand the scrutiny, for he was only curled up on the window-seat, amusing himself with a scrap of paper and a lead pencil. Satisfied Mrs. Prothero shut the door and disappeared.

Presently the little child on the hearthrug swept down all his buildings and, getting on his feet, crossed the room to reach his brother.

"I'se tired; what you doing, Artie?"

"O, I'm writing a letter; you couldn't understand it. Go back and build a great big church, and I'll come directly and put on the spire."

So the little boy trotted back obediently to his bricks and in a short time Master Arthur finished his writing, when he kept his word and built a great tower to the little one's church.

In good time the children's tea was brought, and while they were drinking it their father came in. Dr. Prothero was a busy London physician, but he was very fond of his little boys, and would often make time for a game with them. Mrs. Prothero was a Catholic, and so far was bringing up the children in her religion: Dr. Prothero neither objecting nor approving, being simply indifferent. While they were such babies the matter did not seem to him to be of any importance, and a few years hence they would be placed in a great public school, when their minds would be filled with other things than the pretty little harmless practices of devotion taught them by their mother.

"Father," shouted Arthur, before any person else had time to speak when Dr. Prothero entered the room; "it's Christmas Eve to-day, and we want to sit up late!"

"By all means: sitting up late is so nice and healthful, especially for little boys."

"But may we? It's half-past five o'clock now," persisted Arthur, after studying the face of the clock; "it's half-past five o'clock now, can we stop up till nine?"

"Till nine o'clock! why, I never heard of such an hour; I should be afraid myself to be up at that time. But may I ask why, apart from late hours being such a nice practice, you are so anxious to sit to-night?"

"Because of Santa Claus coming."

"Then I can settle that. Santa Claus never comes as long as children are awake, so if you sit up very late he may pass you altogether."

"Oh!" exclaimed both little boys with a gasp, and they looked at one another in a frightened way. The

next moment Bertie put down his piece of bread and butter, babbled his grace in haste, and, slipped out of his high chair, ran round to his mother, to whom he presented the back of his neck to have his bib untied.

"I'se s'eepy; I'se doing to bed."

It was the parents' turn then to exchange glances, but they laughed.

"No, no," said his mother, lifting the little one on her lap; "Bertie has not had tea enough."

The process of getting the children to bed was a somewhat slower one than usual in consequence of the stockings having to be tied up for Santa Claus, but scarcely were their fair little heads upon the pillow than they were fast asleep, Arthur murmuring to himself as he dropped off into slumber, "I am glad I wrote that letter as I can't see him." An hour later soft footsteps stole into the room, and tender hands reached down the stockings and carried them away.

Dr. Prothero was in the act of trying to push a book that was a size or two too large into Arthur's stocking when he discovered that something was already in that receptacle, something that rustled and had sharp corners, and thrusting in his hand he drew out a letter. It was formally addressed to Santa Claus, and the envelope was adorned by a sketch of a postmark and by a used stamp insecurely attached to one corner.

"Hallo! a letter for Santa Claus: well, I expect I must attend to Santa Claus's correspondence on such a busy night," said Dr. Prothero to himself, breaking open the letter:

"Dere Santer Claws," it began.

The doctor smiled, and read on. Often as it had been rubbed out in places and corrected, the letter in its large uncertain writing was easy to read:

"Dear Santer Claws

"I wantid a large pantebox with little chiner plats and sum solegers, but I wud rather father was a Cathilic. I want him to go to Mass with me and Muther and Bertie to-morro.

"Plees escus the spellin not bein kwite rite becos I've only just gone into 2 silbuls.

"Yours truely
"ARTHUR."

"If you gave Bertie an ingin I cood winde it for him. But weed rather hav father a Cathilic; so you neden mind choklits or ennythin."

"What is that you have there?" asked Mrs. Prothero.

But she was too busy dividing the chocolates Master Arthur had written about, to pay much attention to the reply she got, and a moment later the letter had been thrust deep in the Doctor's pockets.

"Do you know, I must go out again," said her husband; "I shall be about half-an-hour; leave the children's things till I come back."

As soon as he was in the main street, Dr. Prothero hailed a cab, and when he was back again in the dining-room his pockets were filled with some bulky parcels. He would hardly have cared to confess, even to his wife, the distance he had been to gratify the whims of his little boy.

Very early the next morning, and as bright as birds, the children awoke. They sprang out of bed and then in again with laden arms. Arthur emptied his treasures on to the counterpane; then he felt all down the stocking and at last turned it inside out.

"Well, he's got my letter. Santa Claus has got my letter; I s'pose he couldn't do it," whispered the child to himself, as he took up his toys in an absent fashion.

"You have a very serious face this morning, Master Arthur," said his father when he saw him. "Did Santa Claus bring you a drum when you wanted a trumpet, or what?"

"No, I had lovely things," answered the child, but at the same time he heaved a deep sigh.

"Well, I came in to see them and ask you if you would take me to church with you."

The little boy gave a short low cry and caught his hands together.

"Well won't you take me?"

"Really, father?" asked Arthur, trying to recover himself. "Haven't you got patients to see?"—for when the children would be too persistent in their questions of a Sunday morning, "patients" was the formula used to silence them.

"No, all the people, big and little, sick and whole, will eat too much plum cake and plum pudding to-day; so it is a pity to waste good physic on them; we'll keep it till next week when it will all be wanted."

The little boys laughed; their father was in the habit of talking a great deal of nonsense to them, and they quite entered into the spirit of it; but the tears were still shining in Arthur's eyes. In due time the whole party started for the church, the children being bidden to walk on in front, which after the manner of children they did very satisfactorily for fifty yards or so; but presently there was a difference of opinion between them as to which should walk on the outside, and which on the inside, of the pavement; then Bertie dropped his new book and it had to be picked up and dusted, and himself too; so his mother finally took him by the hand and led him the rest of the way, leaving Arthur, who was in the wildest spirits, free to curvet and prance about like a young pony. But when they reached the church the children's demeanour was quite changed; their subdued behaviour quite amazed their father as he sat, a mere spectator, quietly observing everything, until at last some words of the sermon arrested his attention:

"I am told," said the preacher, "that many come here on Christmas Day who are not of the number of the faithful. I speak in a spirit of charity, not in a spirit of hard controversy; but I ask such strangers to lay to heart the lesson of my text, 'They found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger.' How came the Holy Child to be in so rough a cradle? Ah! there was no room for Mary and Joseph in the inn; and there is no room for Mary and Joseph in the Anglican Church, nor in any of the other Protestant communions, and so they lose Jesus. They have lost Jesus' Sacramental

Presence, and in faith they are in a great measure losing Him also. The mystery of God Incarnate is little understood or believed outside of the Catholic Church; we are often startled in these days by the utterances of some preacher in the tendency that his words show; and it is least sad when it is an honest cry, 'they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.' But this is the inevitable development of Protestantism; it had no room for Mary and Joseph, so it cannot hold Jesus. In the great Catholic Church there is room for all God's Saints: there are Mary and Joseph; and where Mary and Joseph are, there is Jesus.

"I ask you, my dear friends, to dwell for a moment on the thought of this same Catholic Church: have you ever paused to consider its magnitude, its antiquity, its universality? These facts want no study, no research, no learning to find out. Open your eyes and your ears in the world in which you stand: you see a magnificent old church or minster, view it within, it is fitted for, and it was built for, Catholic worship. Take your English poet with his pictures of past days, and you are told how they 'heard Mass,' how they should 'pray for his soul:' our practices until this day. Take history, with its thousand references to monasticism; our religious orders are before you numerous as ever. Listen but to your common English tongue it teems with suggestive words and phrases. Hear but your seasons and your dates: Christmas, Candlemas, Michaelmas, and the rest. In every place, in every thing, in every event, in every work are the evidences and the prints of this great Catholic Church. They are pressed upon you; you cannot escape them: O should it not dawn upon you that this great and ancient Church may be the right and true religion, shut not your hearts and consciences to that first ray: nay, rather throw them open wide by prayer and humility: that first ray will broaden into the perfect day, and, at last when life's toil is over, you will dwell for ever and for ever in the city that 'hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it. For the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof.'"

A few minutes later the pulpit was empty, the preacher was speeding back through the London streets to his own mission, and the Mass was proceeding. Mrs. Prothero was in a state of anxious flutter, fearing that her husband should have been displeased by remarks of so controversial a character, yet praying and hoping that some of the truth might reach him. As for Dr. Prothero himself, he remained in his place very calm and unmoved, occasionally reading the prayerbook which his wife had put into his hands, but oftener casting down his eyes upon Arthur kneeling at his feet; and whenever he saw the childish head bowed so meekly and the little hands so reverently folded, he could hardly credit that this was his active restless little boy, so prone to get into mischief and trouble. To him undoubtedly the Mass had an awful significance, and each time that his father glanced at him, a text of Scripture repeated itself in his mind: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast Thou perfected praise."

It was more than two months later: the snowdrops had paled away and the crocuses were beginning to lift their golden heads, when Dr. Prothero one morning walked into his wife's sitting room and asked her to go out with him.

"Certainly," said she, folding up her needlework. "But where?"

"I will tell you directly: you will not be long getting ready, will you?" inquired he, hastily closing the door.

Mrs. Prothero ran upstairs, and in a very few minutes came down again, wearing her bonnet and cloak. Her husband was waiting for her in the hall; he handed her into the carriage and gave the coachman his directions; then sprang in beside his wife.

"Where are we going, Henry?"

"Oh, we shall arrive directly," he answered evasively, beginning to talk of some other matter.

The carriage presently drew up. They had arrived; and behold, the destination was a church. But Dr. Prothero led his wife past the church-porch to the presbytery.

"Henry, what is it, what do you want?" inquired she in a fluttered whisper.

But the door was so immediately thrown open, and they were so rapidly conducted along the passages that her husband could hardly have answered her, had he desired to do so; and they were scarcely within the small, somewhat bare, reception-room, before the door swung open afresh and a priest entered. This Father was an entire stranger to Mrs. Prothero; but her presence must have been expected, for he came forward with extended hand.

"How do you do? I have to congratulate you, Mrs. Prothero."

"Why, what?" asked the poor wife, glancing from one to another in an anxious fashion, her eyes growing wider and wider with expectation as she noted the priest's preparations. "You—are not going to be received into the Church, Henry, are you?"

"There, now! you have guessed it, and I am not to have the satisfaction of telling you," said her husband.

But when Dr. Prothero saw the showers of tears that his wife shed, he was sorry for having kept the matter so close a secret. For many minutes the tears rolled over her face and she could only sob forth her gratitude. "O my God, I thank Thee! O my God, how good Thou art!"

Dr. Prothero was amazed; he had not thought to see her so moved. He rejoiced, indeed, but not with her depth of feeling; she who had long fed upon the sweetness of our Lord, long dwelt in His home the Church—she only could understand how good a thing it was that had befallen her beloved husband.

"Now, my wife, say a little prayer for me. Mind, it is you and that big son of ours who have made me a Catholic, and not any of Father Dudley's fine arguments."

"Of course," said Father Dudley, laughing; "we all know that!"

St. Vincent de Paul.

(1576–1660.)

BY THE REV. F. GOLDIE, S.J.

In the cheerless Landes, the sandy reaches at the extreme south-west of France, you may see, as the train speeds onwards to the Pyrenees, a dome rising among a few trees. The building marks the hamlet of Pouy, the birthplace of the great hero of Catholic charity, Vincent de Paul. It was on the Tuesday in Easter-week, April 24, 1576, that this son of poor peasants first saw the light. He grew up to the hard life of those around him, and he was still but a child when he was set to look after the few sheep which his father possessed.

Tradition pointed out the hollowed trunk of an old oak, which had served the little Vincent as a shelter against the pelting rain or driving wind. He had made it into a sort of cell or oratory, where he used to spend long time in prayer. There was a chapel hard by, dedicated to our Lady, a favourite pilgrimage blessed by God as a source of grace and help for the simple and believing peasants. The love of Mary, ever a sign of right Catholic feeling, made this chapel his favourite resort. He brought wild flowers to decorate it, and would let out his heart there in joyful hymns to his Queen and Mother.

A kindred love was that which he had, poor though he was, to any who were poorer than himself. When

his parents sent him to the mill with corn to be ground, he would, on his way back, give a handful of flour to any beggar he might meet, and Vincent's father had too Christian a heart to find fault with his child's generosity. Once some one gave him, or he had saved, the sum of fifteen pence, no small store in those days for a peasant lad. But he could not keep it; even his clothes sometimes went to those who were in need. He was kind and he was prayerful, and his parents thought that if he were a priest he might be a help to them in their poverty: so when Vincent was twelve years old, his father placed him at school with the Franciscans in the little town of Dax hard by.

John de Paul was doing God's work, though not in God's way, and his worldly aims about his son were destined to be thoroughly disappointed, for Vincent always held in after life strong views against raising his family from their humble station. When he had become the almsgiver of kings, and streams of money flowed through his hands, he never could be induced even to say a word for those whom he had left behind. Nor was this from any want of affection; for the only time he went to visit them when a priest, he owned afterwards that he cried bitterly at parting, that with these tears there came a strong desire to help his brothers and sisters out of his salary, and that he had to battle with this yearning for full three months.

So diligently did the boy work, and so successfully, that in barely four years he was sufficiently educated to become tutor to the children of a barrister of some position in the town. Only in 1598 did Vincent receive the tonsure, and begin at Toulouse his studies of theology. His father shortly after sold two of his oxen, and sent their price to start him in life as a poor scholar at the University of Saragossa.

But the air was full of disputes on Grace. There was more discussion than divinity. So Vincent returned to France and resumed his studies at Toulouse. His father died about the same time and left him a share

of his scanty goods; but of these the young ecclesiastic would have none, and, to support himself, he had to accept the post of schoolmaster to the sons of the gentry of the neighbourhood. It was very hard for Vincent to follow the course of theology, and to direct the school at the same time; but courage bore him through, and in 1600 he was ordained priest. He never lost his holy dread of that sublime dignity, and we are told that he chose for the place of his first Mass a little mountain chapel in the deep solitude of a wood, so that no public ceremony should cause distractions at that solemn moment. He still continued his studies for another few years, when he took his degree of Bachelor of Divinity; and, as was the custom with graduates in those times, he gave public lectures on theology.

So highly was Vincent esteemed that he was presented with a living as parish priest. Some one however had been beforehand with him, and obtained the post; and though the matter was quite open to dispute, the good priest shrunk from any litigation, and at once gave up all claim to the benefice.

Some business had taken St. Vincent to Marseilles. The weather was fine, and he accepted the invitation of a friend to return by boat on the bright Mediterranean as far as Narbonne. Suddenly—no rare thing in those days—three Turkish corsairs appeared. They bore down upon the Frenchmen, and, though passengers and crew fought stoutly, before long two or three of them were killed, all the rest were wounded, and the ship had to yield to the enemy. Vincent was struck by an arrow and that severely. The prisoners' wounds were but roughly bandaged; they were taken through the town, with a chain around their necks and then brought back to the ship where—St. Vincent tells us the story—"the slave merchants came to see who could eat heartily and who could not, and to examine if our wounds were mortal. When that was over they led us back to the great square, and the merchant looked at us just as you do at a horse or an ox when you are going to buy one,

making us open our mouths to see our teeth, feeling our sides, probing our wounds, forcing us to show our paces, to trot and run, to lift weights and also to wrestle to test our strength, and a thousand other brutalities."

St. Vincent was bought by a fisherman; but as he was no sailor, he was resold to an old man, half alchymist, half doctor, who treated him kindly, and who would gladly have initiated his slave into the mysteries of his art, had he not steadily refused all his tempting offers. After a year the poor old man was carried off by order of the Sultan to work for the grand Turk, and the doctor's nephew sold Vincent to an apostate Savoyard. As the Saint was digging on the estate, a Turkish wife of his employer begged him to sing to her. With tears in his eyes he entoned the 136th Psalm, *Upon the waters of Babylon*, and then at her request sang the *Salve Regina* and other hymns. So delighted was she that the same night she blamed her husband for leaving a religion which seemed to her so holy. The words went deep into the man's soul, and he told Vincent on the following day that he would flee away with him to Europe as soon as he had the chance. Ten months however went by before the chance arrived, when at length, in a small boat, the two escaped to France. From France Vincent accompanied his deliverer, who had been solemnly reconciled to the Church, to seek for him a place of penance in Rome, where he wished of his own accord to expiate his crimes. The penitent entered the charitable order of St. John of God, or, as they are called in Italy, the Do-good-Brothers.

The terrible hardships, the heroic struggle for his faith and virtue, the sight of the sufferings and moral dangers of the other Christian slaves had been the best of schools for St. Vincent's after life. But it looked as if a far different career, and that a brilliant one in the eyes of the world, was opening out to the peasant's son. He was introduced at the Papal Court by the Legate who had brought him and the prodigal son to the Eternal City. He was taken into the councils of the French Ambas-

sador and envoys, and was sent on an errand of trust to King Henry IV. of France; and on his return made almoner to the ex-Queen Margaret. The Crown was then the fount of honours, ecclesiastical as well as civil. But St. Vincent was as anxious to escape from the Court as he had been to flee from Tunis. He shared a modest room with a magistrate from his own part of France, in an out-of-the-way quarter, and he gave much time to visiting a neighbouring hospital. One day when St. Vincent was ill in bed, this gentleman left a cupboard open, in which he kept a large sum of money. The chemist's lad, who came to bring some medicine to the sick Saint, while searching for a glass, came upon the treasure, and he carried it off while Vincent was asleep. When the magistrate discovered the theft, not only did he accuse Vincent of it, but went round about to his acquaintances and told them all that it was this priest who had robbed him. Six long years after, the youth, who had been arrested for another offence, sent to the magistrate to confess his crime, and to restore to him the money he had taken. Vincent's only defence all the while had been to say, "God knows the truth!"

St. Vincent had met, in his visits to the hospital, the holy founder of the French Oratory, de Berulle, and a strong friendship had grown up between them. After his unpleasant experience, Vincent resolved never to lodge with strangers, and his new friend gladly gave him a room in his religious house.

There was at that time a learned divine who had won a great name by his controversies with the Protestants. The Queen, who was very cultured, and loved to surround herself by men of intellect, invited this doctor to her court. The life of idleness left his soul open to the assaults of the tempter. The objections he had so often refuted rose up with tremendous power against him. Nor could he turn to God without being assailed with such doubt and disbelief that they almost drove him to despair, and in this mental torture, the enemy urged him to end his misery by taking his own life. Prayer became

impossible to him, and he was forced even to be dispensed from saying his office. His health broke down under the strain, but the temptation only grew the stronger. St. Vincent, in his deep pity for his poor soul, prayed God to deliver his friend, even at the price of himself accepting the struggle or any other trial which Heaven might be pleased to send.

Faith vivid and clear came back to the divine, and he died shortly after, full of gratitude to God for this rescue from temptation and even for the temptation itself, which had proved to him a source of so much merit. But the storm which had left his soul had passed into that of Vincent. All his faith seemed to have gone from the holy man, and he felt as if he was given up to Satan. But he met the danger with the tactics of a saint. He resolved always to do exactly the opposite to that which the devil suggested to him. He hoped against hope; he prayed; he did penance. He wrote out a profession of faith, with a disclaimer of any consent to the thoughts of unbelief, and this he carried in his breast. Whenever temptation came upon him, and it was constantly recurring, he placed his hand on the declaration as a silent act of faith. Four years the struggle lasted, yet never had he to accuse himself of having once fallen or even stumbled. At length, in a hurricane of doubt more violent than ever, he felt called to devote the rest of his days, by a solemn resolution, to God in the person of the afflicted. It was the seal of his life-long vocation, and the clouds lifted, never again to come between him and the clear-sighted vision of a vivid faith.

In 1612, de Berulle, who was his director, and knew his ardent wish to labour for souls, obtained for him a country parish; and he gladly fled from Paris and from his post of honour to devote himself to his new work. He rebuilt the church, and still more, he sanctified the people. But in a few months Father de Berulle, to whom he paid a religious obedience, ordered him to undertake the education of the children of Emmanuel de Gondi, the Marshal de Retz. The Gondi was one

of those many Italian families which under the protection of the Florentine queen-mother, Mary de Medici, had risen to the height of power in France. In their magnificent houses in town and country, at which he was forced to dwell, St. Vincent led the life of a hermit, taking no part in the splendours around him, never leaving his room except for some duty. He made it a rule never to go to see the Marshal and his lady except when summoned, and never to mix himself up in any matter which did not directly concern his charge. To keep himself closer to God he resolved to see in the person of his employer our Blessed Lord, in the mistress of the house our Blessed Lady, and in the visitors, the servants, the crowds of people that flocked in and out of the house, the disciples and surroundings of his Divine Master. This simple device made him keep the remembrance of his Heavenly Lord through the crowded days of succeeding years. So too he then began, what was a life-long custom with him, never to answer any question put to him without briefly lifting his heart to God to learn from Heaven the reply which he had to give. He faithfully gave the early morning to God, and, whenever he could, without neglecting his duties, he came back again to Him by prayer, and that many a time by night and by day. The holiness of St. Vincent soon showed its power, and the great establishments of his master became models of order and piety.

When the family went to any of their country seats, St. Vincent became the apostle of the neighbourhood, and, ably supported by the excellent wife of the Marshal, devoted himself to the spiritual and temporal needs of the poor tenants. His health broke down under the stress of work (1616), and he had a sharp and severe illness. He was hardly well again when one day an old man in the neighbourhood who was dying sent to beg St. Vincent to attend him. He passed for a very excellent Catholic. The Saint went at once, and urged the patient to make a general confession. The dying

man hesitated; but he at length consented. So full was he of contrition for the past, that he freely owned to Madame de Gondi, when she came to see him "Ah! my lady, I should have been damned had I not made a general confession, because of some great sins, of which I had never dared to accuse myself." So struck was the Countess with this startling announcement, that she implored the Saint to preach to her tenants upon the good of making a general confession. He did so on Jan. 25, 1617, the Conversion of St. Paul; and so universally was his advice followed that he had to call in the Jesuit Fathers of Amiens to help to hear the throng of penitents. The Countess offered at once a large endowment to any Order that would accept the charge of preaching missions every five years on her estates. None could be found to undertake the work, and thus it was that St. Vincent of Paul had to establish his *Congregation of the Mission* for this special work.

A second time St. Vincent escaped from the luxuries and comforts of high life, and secretly went off to a parish where irreligion and error had tainted both shepherds and sheep; and, though the Countess obtained his recall a few months later, he had already converted the place, and in a society of ladies, banded together for works of mercy, he had sown the first seeds of another of his greatest works, the *Sisters of Charity*.

A new field opened out to his zeal. Gondi was the head of the galleys of France, and in that post he had the care of the swarms of unhappy galley slaves who gave the motive power to the men-of-war of those days. The prisoners, captives of war, victims of justice, and often of injustice, were hardly regarded as human beings, and when waiting for embarkation were prepared for the horrors of the rowing bench and of the lower decks by an imprisonment where the ordinary laws of health and decency seemed utterly disregarded. Chained by massive fetters, without any hope to cheer them, the felons gave way to rage against God; and nothing but the heroic love and patience of a saint could comfort or console them.

A story runs that, finding one of these galley slaves in a fury of despair at the thought of his wife and children whom he had left to starve, Vincent set him free and took upon himself the prisoner's fetters. It was some weeks before the missing Saint was discovered and was released from his voluntary imprisonment. But even his new duties as chaplain-in-chief to the French fleet did not prevent St. Vincent from giving himself to his work of country missions. He gathered together a few zealous helpers, and on March 1, 1624, two of them were sent by St. Vincent to take possession of a ruinous house which the Archbishop of Paris, de Retz, the brother of Gondi, had assigned to them. The Countess paid down a sum she had promised as an endowment, and then God called her to her reward. The Congregation of the Mission had begun, and St. Vincent was left free to train and to direct it.

We seem to be quite familiar with the Saint's outer man, from the number of portraits and statues which exist of him. His face, with its large long nose, was plain if not ugly, but it was lit up by the charm of a sweetness and affability, which, though it seemed to be so natural, was in reality the fruit of long control. For he was of a melancholy and reserved character, and inclined to be hard on the faults of others; but so vigorously did he attack and overcome this tendency that his charming manners or rather his hearty and genial warmth, without a tinge of mere worldly politeness, attracted everyone to him. His frame was shattered by the hardship of his slavery, but to the end he was erect and full of activity. His head, massive and slightly bald, showed a man of sound judgement, and of far more than ordinary power. His long years of theological study had given him a reserve of power which, when occasion demanded, even his modesty could not conceal. He was as able to carry out, as he was quick to conceive, schemes whose vastness might otherwise have been well taken for the dreams of a visionary. Rarely has one man undertaken so much;

rarely has any one accomplished so much. And the very fact that his works have lasted through the changes and storms of so many years is a proof of his calm and well-balanced judgement which never seemed to err.

If he was the Saint of active charity, he was not less the Saint of good sense. Critics—and what a large and miscellaneous class they are!—found fault with his slowness in coming to a decision. He was too clear-sighted to be swift; for difficulties and objections that others overlooked, he took in at a glance. But there was a deeper reason for his slowness. "Do not tread on the heels of Providence, who is our guide," was one of his many wise yet homely sayings. He gave God the chance to work His holy will because he waited for His direction. And though, with his lowly idea of himself, he shrunk from beginning anything in which God did not distinctly manifest His will, never did he shrink from fatigue, obloquy or difficulty when once that will had laid a work upon him. For sound as was his judgement, it was his entire devotion to God, whom he had come by long practice to seek and to find in all, that was after all the chief characteristic of St. Vincent. "In a poor man I do not notice his rough outside, his coarseness and stupidity, but I look at the reverse of the medal, and I see thereon nothing save the Son of God, poor by His own choice, a folly to the Gentiles, a scandal to the Jews." And so in Jesus Christ he loved the poorest of the poor, the most wretched of outcasts. To one person alone he was always severe, even to cruelty, for he chastised his own body as did St. Paul, lest he himself should be a castaway, by scourge and hair shirt, by frequent fast, by kneeling for hours on the floor in the cold of winter mornings. And so entire was the control he acquired of himself, that he seemed as if he had none of the lower passions.

Like loved like. The saintly bishop, the gentle St. Francis of Sales, made his acquaintance in Paris, and committed to the charge of his new friend his house of the

Visitation Nuns at Paris, a clear proof of the high esteem in which the holy founder and St. Jane Chantal held our Saint. But fresh duties served to feed Vincent's never satiated zeal for souls. The Societies of Charity of pious ladies which he had founded in so many parts of France, had grown and prospered under the direction and entire devotedness of a widow lady, Madame le Gras, one of the penitents and spiritual children of St. Vincent. But it soon became evident that something more stable and more firmly constituted was needed to do the work that grew under their hands.

Ladies who had home duties could but give a limited time to the calls of external charity. Neither were delicately-nurtured dames, fresh from the refinements of fashionable society, suited for the rough work of nursing in the public hospitals. Nor were their servant-maids, whom they sometimes sent as substitutes, always very willing or very capable. It was evident that the work could not depend on mere volunteers. St. Vincent had often in the course of his missions come across poor young women of holy life and high ideal but whose lowly station and absence of all dowry seemed to close to these any hope of religious life. While preaching in a country village he met with a peasant girl who while minding the cows had taught herself to read in order that she in turn might teach the poor children of the neighbourhood, and she consulted the Saint as to whether she should take up this good work. He fully approved. When, however, as usual, the Confraternity of Charity was founded during the Mission, she threw her whole soul and energy into the work. St. Vincent saw her aptitude and devotion, and called her to Paris. There she went so far as to share her bed with a poor woman who was stricken with the plague. She caught the infection, and died. But meantime many other young women of humble life offered to devote themselves to the painful duties which nursing the sick poor involves; and, under the guidance of Madame La Gras (1634) they were formed at once to religious life and external work. The

example of these soon attracted others; and before long so numerous were they that their holy founder drew up for them a rule, marvellous in its elasticity and in its fitness for the object in view. He placed them under the spiritual care of his own Congregation of the Mission, and the white *cornette* or head-dress of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul is now known in every quarter of the globe. They are as at home in the crowded cities of London and Liverpool, in Peru and Pekin, on American and French battlefields, in far-off missionary lands, as in their own native land of France.

Meanwhile a new centre was given to the Congregation of the Mission, which in turn has given to its Fathers the well-known name of Lazarists. A vast hospital for lepers, with its large endowments and wide pleasure gardens, had, for lack of patients, or for some other reason, sunk down into a quiet retreat for a handful of canons regular. The Prior, as he was named, who enjoyed the revenues, without being himself a religious, was anxious to hand them over, together with the house, to the rising Congregation of St. Vincent. At length, after many obstacles, of which the Saint's modesty was one, the Fathers of the Mission were therein installed; and the patron Saint of the house being St. Lazarus, the name naturally passed in common parlance to the new comers.

From Vincent's new home in the vast buildings of St. Lazarus, as from an inexhaustible spring, good works of every kind poured forth. The sanctification of the clergy by retreats before ordination has become in Rome and in many other cities the peculiar work of the Lazarists. And to the prayers and tears of St. Vincent were owing the wonderful effects which these retreats were wont to produce. To them too they owed the success which made Bishops in every part of France and in so many other countries seek to share the blessings of which they were the cause.

To keep alight in the hearts of the priests the fire of charity enkindled by these retreats, St. Vincent established weekly meetings—*the Tuesday Conferences*. The

clergy who attended them bound themselves to labour for their own sanctification by the observance of some simple but valuable rules, and they met together on the days fixed to hear exhortations from the spiritual Father on the duties and perfection of their state of life. So high was the reputation which this body of priests obtained, that the great Cardinal Minister of State, Richelieu, used to ask St. Vincent to select from their number the bishops-elect; and during the Saint's lifetime twenty-three archbishops and bishops came from amongst this confraternity, besides Olier, the founder of the Sulpicians, and the founder of the Foreign Missions, both of these well-known congregations of secular clergy.

The work of directing ecclesiastical seminaries, and of supplying chaplains to the French army, were among the many works to which St. Vincent dedicated his Lazarists. The Council of Trent had enjoyed the erection of seminaries in every diocese which was sufficiently wealthy and extended to maintain one; or, where this was not the case, a joint seminary for two or more dioceses was to be established. But though, as the Saint writes in one of his letters, the order came from the Holy Ghost, the way in which it was carried out had resulted largely in failure. For, what with the students giving up before their studies were completed, or leaving the seminary to enter religious life, little of the anticipated seed of a fervent and well-trained parochial clergy had come to maturity. St. Vincent considered that of all the seminaries of his time, those only of Rome and Milan had been a success. That the French clergy are now what they are, and that the seminaries to which they owe their training are so flourishing and productive of such good, is in no small degree owing to the wisdom and zeal of St. Vincent. He it was who infused into them his spirit of self-sacrifice and of devotion to souls, which alone can make them fit training grounds for a zealous and devoted clergy.

To aid the sick poor in the great hospital of Paris, where the numbers far exceeded the power of the sisters in attendance to give them necessary care, he called in the charitable ladies of Paris. And wonderful was the spiritual harvest that was gathered in, especially in the frequentation of the Sacraments.

But amidst all this revival of Catholic faith and charity there was growing up a poisonous plant which was destined to become the bane of thousands of souls. The Abbé de Saint Cyran had drunk in at Louvain the half-Calvinist errors of Jansenius, which had found their way into that ancient university. He sought the acquaintance of St. Vincent, and the Saint predicted great things from the devotedness, the learning, and ability of his cultured friend. The Abbé on his side hoped to surprise the good faith of Vincent and to lead him to adopt his unsound opinions. But the clear faith of the Saint was proof against all seductions. Though horrified at the Abbé's expressions, St. Vincent still strove lovingly and wisely to make him abandon his erroneous ideas. The Saint soon recognized that it was the intellectual pride of his friend which was the cause of these his errors.

Later on the Abbé wrote a work against frequent Communion—perhaps the one of his books which has done most harm, even to good Catholics, in these later days—in which, under pretext of respect for the Blessed Sacrament, he taught the faithful to abstain from Holy Communion. St. Vincent ably refuted its fallacies in a letter to one of his Fathers. The activity of Saint Cyran and of his followers threatend to tear in pieces the Church of France. St. Vincent used every effort to induce its hierarchy to appeal to the Pope for a definite sentence on the great work of Jansenius. The Jansenists themselves went to Rome to endeavour to neutralize the petition of the prelates, and to delay the judgement. St. Vincent, on the other hand, induced seven of his friends of the Sorbonne, the great theological college of Paris, to frustrate these intrigues. When

Peter spoke at last by the mouth of the Venerable Innocent X., in 1653, our Saint was greatly rejoiced at the degree. But he proceeded with the greatest gentleness and prudence. He called upon the chief heads of the Jansenist faction in order to induce them to submit to the papal condemnation. They however found in subtle distinctions between matters of right and of fact a way of escape from every decision of Rome. St. Vincent earnestly warned all whom his influence could reach that humility was the sole defence against these, which were among the most dangerous errors which have ever attacked the Church.

Nothing in fact escaped the vigilant eye of Vincent's charity. He was horrified at the frequent duels, which were considered by so many, as they are still upon the Continent, as a matter of positive duty. He founded an association of gentlemen who bound themselves never to challenge, or to accept a challenge; and a very large number of officers of the court and of the army signed the engagement.

St. Vincent is perhaps best known as the friend and protector of the multitude of helpless infants whom the crime of a great capital left fatherless and motherless in the streets of Paris. It is terrible to read of the horrors of baby-farming in those days. The official depôt of deserted children was altogether insufficiently endowed and insufficiently served, and the infants were given to any one, however unworthy of the charge, who either begged for them or bought them. Those who thus obtained were generally utterly unfit to see to the spiritual or bodily needs of the helpless infants. But the long wars of religion had singularly weakened the moral sense in the population. St. Vincent appealed to the pious ladies who were his helpers in his good works. They went to the depôt and were shocked at its darkness and dirt. As a beginning, they took, by lot, eight out of twelve of these poor babies (1638). Madame Le Gras and her Sisters of Charity became true mothers to them. By prayer, the true lever of

action in the Saint's way of thinking, the hearts of many were touched. He himself gave largely of the revenues of St. Lazarus; and the Court, by handsome donations, seconded his efforts. But spite of all these sacrifices, the work to be done soon outran all the funds at St. Vincent's disposal, and the hearts of the workers failed. Again the Saint called the ladies around him. He made a fresh appeal to them; he reminded them that the lives of the little ones were in their hands. If they ceased to be their mothers, they would become their judges. The good ladies broke down, they cried their hearts out, and resolved never to give in again; and before long an ample Foundling Hospital was built and endowed by the State.

(1636–1643.) In the unhappy rivalry of France and Austria, the source of such fatal losses to the Church in Europe, Lorraine—then an independent state—was ravaged by Protestants and Catholics alike. The horrors of war and of famine renewed in that once fruitful land the horrors of the siege of Jerusalem. Not content with freely docking the frugal table of the Fathers to the narrowest limits in order that they might have more to give, St. Vincent begged and implored for aid on all sides. The alms he received were enough to succour twenty-four towns for several years, and he made his Fathers his almoners. The sum was said to have amounted to £400,000 of the money of the day, equal of course to a far larger sum in these times. But even that could not have sufficed, unless God had blessed and multiplied the alms in a perfectly wondrous manner. Vincent was truly *a father of the poor; and the cause which he knew not, he searched out most diligently.*

After the death of Louis XIII., whom St. Vincent attended at his last hour, the widowed queen summoned him to a permanent commission, whose duty was to nominate the bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries of France. He carried out this duty with the utmost indifference to praise or blame, never allow-

ing any motives to govern his choice but the honour of God and the personal merits of the candidate. Cardinal Mazarin was the head of the commission. He set the last example of one, though not in holy orders, holding a number of church livings. It was not likely that his theory would be much in advance of his practice. All powerful though he was, St. Vincent did not fear to oppose his suggestions when they were against justice and right.

Besides all his other occupations, St. Vincent was above all the acting and active Superior of a growing Congregation, which reproduced in its members the insatiable zeal for souls of its founder and father. The work of training, directing, governing that body seemed enough to have absorbed the energies and the time of any one man. Besides their home missions he sent his sons into the scene of his captivity—among his old fellow-slaves of Tunis and Algiers, into far-off Madagascar, into Corsica and Poland.

The iron hand of Cromwell had conquered Ireland, and numbers of faithful Irish had fled to France. These refugees had sought service under the French flag. The Irish regiments suffered severely in the civil wars of the Fronde which convulsed France in the days of the Cardinal-Minister Mazarin, and the remnant of them was accompanied by troops of soldiers' widows and orphans, whose only clothes were the rags of their husbands or fathers who had perished. Half dead with cold and hunger, they tramped on over the snow to the town of Troyes which had been appointed for their winter quarters. St. Vincent straightway sent one of his Irish Fathers to comfort and to aid them. Thanks to the Saint's magnificent alms, the girls and widows were lodged in a hospital where they were taught to earn their living, while the rest were clothed and fed. The good Father preached to them in their native tongue to prepare them for their Easter duties. The whole town caught the infection of St. Vincent's charity, and cheered the hearts of the exiles of Erin by their large-hearted

assistance. They were perishing of hunger, and St. Vincent came to their rescue, at the very time that Paris and its neighbourhood were suffering from the horrors of war.

But the charity of St. Vincent to Ireland and to the Irish people was not satisfied. He must fain send help and comfort to those who were struggling violently but vainly for faith and fatherland against the power of Cromwell. He was, as a bishop of Ireland described him, raised up as Patrick and Malachy had been of old, for the salvation of his country. Besides quantities of clothes, vestments, and large sums of money, Vincent sent in 1646 five of his Irish brethren into the lion's mouth, into all the perils of the merciless war which was being waged, to give their lives if need be for the faithful people. Their labours were chiefly confined to Limerick and to Cashel. Their missions, their catechetical instructions were attended by high and low, by priests and people; the cathedrals were not large enough to hold the crowds. They heard, during their five years of labours, 20,000 general confessions. Amidst the dangers of the siege of Limerick, in the horrors of the plague they never slackened their toil, and it was the burning words of St. Vincent which he wrote to them sustained their courage and devotion. One of the Fathers died of fatigue during the missions. Two were recalled in face of the increasing persecution. Those who remained in the doomed city of Limerick escaped marvellously in disguise, and returned to France in 1682.

The Congregation is not forgotten in the land, and its sons are still loved there as of old.

Charity in every form was the characteristic of our Saint. It was in great things as in small. The multitude of bold and dangerous beggars who infested the streets of Paris was ever increasing. Pity for their souls, as much as, nay more than, for their bodies, made him devise and carry out a project by which begging was prohibited and all the poor were lodged in a house

of charity, and brought up to habits of order. The government gave a large disused manufactory of saltpetre wherein the multitude was housed, and finally took the whole establishment into their own hands. But with the help of his friends among the clergy, the Congregation of the Lazarists undertook the spiritual charge of these four or five thousand souls.

Forced in his old age to employ a carriage,—which he called *his disgrace*,—St. Vincent used it to bring in the poorest and most revolting sufferers whom he found in the streets. If he saw anyone lying on the road-side he would get down, and, when convinced that there was no deceit, and that they were really ill, he offered at once to drive them to the hospital. Once as he was going by, he spied a child crying bitterly and at once he went up to him, asked what was the matter; and when the boy showed him a wound in his hand, he took him off to have it dressed by a surgeon, stayed till all was done, and paid the man for his trouble.

St. Vincent shared, with all old men, the painful void which death makes around them, but it was particularly bitter for one with so tender a heart. His utter disregard for anything approaching comfort, his delicate health, his frequent illnesses never till the very end prevented him from devoting himself to work for others, much less from his direct duties to God. Little by little his maladies increased upon him, at length his legs, swollen and covered with ulcers, refused to bear him, and he had to lie on his hard bed, his nights rendered sleepless by torture. At last the end arrived.

On Sept. 27, 1660, after receiving the last Sacraments, St. Vincent was seated on a chair, for he was too weak to be moved to his bed. One of the clergy under his care begged him to bless the confraternity to which he belonged. The Saint's reply was in the words of St. Paul: "He who hath begun a good work will perfect it ———" His head fell forward and before he could complete the quotation, he had gone to his reward.

The Revolution sacked the house and shrine of the Saint, but respected his remains. St. Lazarus is now a prison: the new shrine is now in the beautiful Chapel of the Lazarists in the Rue de Sèvres at Paris.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul has, in the nineteenth century, reproduced his spirit; and, though not founded by him, has borrowed all its strength and guidance from him, whom these lay workers of the Universal Church have taken for their patron. The weapons of their power are patient charity and prayer, as they were his. In their ranks the men of society learn the pleasure of doing good; and from them the poor in turn learn to look on the rich as their brothers—children of the same Father.

Lectures

ON THE

PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND:

Addressed to the Brothers of the Birmingham Oratory in 1851

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

IX. Duties of Catholics towards the Protestant View.

IN this concluding Lecture, my Brothers of the Oratory, I shall attempt, in as few words as possible, to sum up what I have been showing in those which preceded it, and to set before you what I have proposed to myself in the investigation.

You know, then, that at this time we are all in considerable anxiety, and some risk, as regards the future prospects of Catholicism in England. Open threats in the most influential quarters are put forward, as if we might even lose the rights of British subjects, and be deprived of the free exercise of our religion. There has been an attempt to put our convents, in the eye of the law, on a level with madhouses; and one of the Anglican Prelates in Parliament has constituted himself judge whether the dimensions of our churches were sufficient or too large for the "accommodation," to use the Protestant word, of our people. A bill, too, has been passed, about which all of us know enough, without my having the trouble to give it any designation.

The duty of the Catholic Church is to preach to the

world; and her promise and prerogative is success in preaching; but this is a subject which has not come into the scope of our discussions in this place. What I have been saying has no direct reference to any such end. I have not urged it on you, as I well might, in the case of those who, like you, love their religion so well, that they wish others to enjoy the benefit of it with them. What I have said, however, does not presuppose this; it has not sprung out of any duty that we have of extending the limits of the Catholic pale; it would not have been superseded, if we had no such duty. I have not been aiming at the conversion of any persons, who are not Catholics, who have heard me; I have not been defending Catholic, or attacking Protestant doctrines, except indirectly and incidentally. The condition or hypothesis with which I have been entering into the discussion has been the present anti-Catholic agitation; and my object has been that of self-defence with reference to it. In the present state of things Catholics must, from the mere instinct of self-preservation, look about them; they are assailed by a very formidable party, or power, as I should rather call it, in this country; by its Protestantism. In the Protestantism of the country I do not include, of course, all who are not Catholics. By Protestants I mean the heirs of the traditions of Elizabeth; I mean the country gentlemen, the Whig political party, the Church Establishment, and the Wesleyan Conference. I cannot over-estimate their power: they and their principles are established; yet I should be unjust, on the other hand, to whole classes in the community if I made this Elizabethan Protestantism synonymous with the mind and the philosophy of the whole country. However, it is a tremendous power, and we are menaced by it; this is the condition of things: what must we do? put ourselves on the defensive; this, then, has been my scope. I have not been aggressive, but on the defensive; and what is the first step of those who are getting ready for their defence against a foe? to reconnoitre him. It is simply this that I have been engaged upon in these Lectures.

This, I say, has been my object, a reconnoitring or

survey of a strong and furious enemy, undertaken with a view to self-defence. And I report as follows :—

1.

I find he is in a very strong position, but that he takes a very incorrect view of us, and that this is his strength and our danger. Different from the case of actual warfare, in which ignorance is weakness, here ignorance is power; and in truth he does know as little about us as well can be conceived. He has got old pictures and old maps made years and years ago, which have come down to him from his fathers; and instead of deigning to look at us, and learn anything about us, he adheres to them as if it were a point of faith to do so. This was the subject of my first Lecture; I showed that the English Elizabethan Protestant had a view of our monks, Jesuits, and Church, quite his own, unlike that of his more learned brethren abroad; and moreover, that he was apparently ignorant of the existence of any view besides it, or that it was possible for any sane man to doubt it, or any honest man to deny it. Next came the cause of this phenomenon, and it was this :—Protestantism is established in the widest sense of the word; its doctrine, religious, political, ecclesiastical, moral, is placed in exclusive possession of all the high places of the land. It is forced upon all persons in station and office, or almost all, under sanction of an oath; it is endowed with the amplest estates, and with revenues supplied by Government and by chartered and other bodies. It has innumerable fine churches, planted up and down in every town, and village, and hamlet in the land. In consequence, every one speaks Protestantism, even those who do not in their hearts love it; it is the current coin of the realm. As English is the natural tongue, so Protestantism is the intellectual and moral language of the body politic. The Queen *ex officio* speaks Protestantism; so does the court, so do her ministers. All but a small portion of the two Houses of Parliament; and those who do not are forced to apologise for not speaking it, and to speak as much of it as they conscientiously can.

The Law speaks Protestantism, and the Lawyers; and the State Bishops and clergy of course. All the great authors of the nation, the multitudinous literature of the day, the public press, speak Protestantism. Protestantism the Universities; Protestantism the schools, high, and low, and middle. Thus there is an incessant, unwearied circulation of Protestantism all over the country, for 365 days in the year from morning till night; and this, for nearly three centuries, has been almost one of the functions of national life. As the pulse, the lungs, the absorbents, the nerves, the pores of the animal body, are ever at their work, as that motion is its life, so in the political structure of the country there is an action of the life of Protestantism, constant and regular. It is a vocal life; and in this consists its perpetuation, its reproduction. What it utters, it teaches, it propagates by uttering; it is ever impressing itself, diffusing itself all around; it is ever transmitting itself to the rising generation; it is ever keeping itself fresh and young, and vigorous, by the process of a restless agitation. This, then, is the elementary cause of the view which Englishmen are accustomed to take of Catholicism and its professors. They survey us in the light of their Tradition; and this was the subject of my second Lecture.

Well, but you will ask, Have Catholics nothing to say for themselves? Yes, a great deal, but we have no opportunity of saying it. The public will not recognize us; it interrupts and put us down. Men close their ears and throw up dust in the air when we begin to speak; they close their eyes when we come forward, and begin pelting us at random. Far less will they come near us, and ask us questions, and listen to our answers. This was the subject of my foregoing or eighth Lecture; in which I had not time to say nearly as much as I had intended. I could have shown you, how first, Protestants got rid of Catholicism from the kingdom as a worship; how next, the Catholics who remained they put under crushing laws; how every priest who said Mass or exercised any function on English ground was liable to perpetual imprisonment, and any foreign priest, who was subject to the crown of England, coming into England was guilty

of high treason, and all who harboured him, of felony. I could have told you how that converting or being converted to Catholicism was high treason; how no Catholic was allowed to inherit or purchase land; no Catholic could hear Mass without fine and imprisonment; no Catholic might keep school under pain of imprisonment for life; nor might, in default of schools at home, send a child abroad for education, without forfeiting all his estates, goods, and chattels, and incurring a civil outlawry; moreover, how, if a Catholic did not attend the established worship, he was not allowed to come within ten miles of London, nor could travel five miles from home, or bring any action at law; and how he might not be married or buried, or have his children baptized, by any but ministers of the Established Church. I am not quoting these laws with a view to expose their wholesale cruelty and tyranny, though I might well do so; but in order to show you how impossible it was for Catholics to defend themselves, when they were denied even to speak. You see, the Protestant Tradition had it all its own way; Elizabeth, and her great men, and her preachers, killed and drove away all the Catholics they could; knocked down the remainder, and then at their leisure proved unanswerably and triumphantly the absurdity of Popery, and the heavenly beauty and perfection of Protestantism. Never did we undergo so utter and complete a refutation: we had not one word to utter in our defence. When she had thus beaten the breath out of us, and made us simply ridiculous, she put us on our feet again, thrust us into a chair, hoisted us up aloft, and carried us about as a sort of Guy Faux, to show to all the boys and riff-raff of the towns what a Papist was like. Then, as if this were not enough, lest any one should come and ask us anything about our religion, she and her preachers put it about that we had the plague, so that, for fear of a moral infection, scarce a soul had the courage to look at us, or breathe the same air with us.

This was a fair beginning for the Protestantising of the people, and everything else that was needed followed in due time, as a matter of course. Protestantism being taught everywhere, Protestant principles were taught

with it, which are necessarily the very reverse of Catholic principles. The consequence was plain—viz., that even before the people heard a Catholic open his mouth, they were forearmed against what he would say, for they had been taught this or that as if a precious truth, belief in which was *ipso facto* the disbelief and condemnation of some Catholic doctrine or other. When a person goes to a fever ward, he takes some essence with him to prevent his catching the disorder; and of this kind are the anti-Catholic principles in which Protestants are instructed from the cradle. For instance, they are taught to get by heart, without any sort of proof, as a kind of alphabet or spelling lesson, such propositions as these: —"miracles have ceased long ago;" "all truth is in the Bible;" "any one can understand the Bible;" "all penance is absurd;" "a priesthood is pagan, not Christian," and a multitude of others. These are universally taught and accepted, as if equally true and equally important, as are the principles "it is wrong to murder or thieve," or "there is a judgment to come." When then a person sets out in life with these maxims as a sort of stock in trade in all religious speculations, and encounters Catholics, whose opinions hitherto he had known nothing at all about, you see he has been made quite proof against them, and unsusceptible of their doctrines, their worship, and their reasoning, by the preparation to which he has been subjected. He feels an instinctive repugnance to everything Catholic, by reason of these arbitrary principles, which he has been taught to hold, and which he thinks identical with reason. "What? you have priests in your religion;" he says; "but do you not know, are you so behind the world as not to know, that priests are pagan, not Christian?" And sometimes he thinks that, directly he has uttered some such great maxim, the Catholic will turn Protestant at once, or, at least, ought to do so, and if he does not, is either dull or hypocritical. And so again, "You hold saints are to be invoked, but the practice is not in the Bible, and nothing is true that is not there." And again, "They say that in Ireland and elsewhere the priests impose heavy penances; but this is against common

sense, for all penances are absurd." Thus the Protestant takes the whole question for granted on starting;—and this was the subject of my seventh Lecture.

This fault of mind I called Assumption or Theorising; and another quite as great, and far more odious, is Prejudice; and this came into discussion in the sixth Lecture. The perpetual talk against Catholicism, which goes on everywhere, in the higher classes, in literary circles, in the public press, and in the Protestant Church and its various dependencies, makes an impression, or fixes a stain, which it is continually deepening, on the minds which are exposed to its influence; and thus, quite independent of any distinct reasons and facts for thinking so, the multitude of men are quite certain that something very horrible is going on among Catholics. They are convinced that we are all but fiends, so that there is no doubt at all, even before going into the matter, that all that is said against us is true, and all that is said for us is false.

These, then, are the two special daughters, as they may be called, of the Protestant Tradition, Theory or Assumption on the one hand, and Prejudice on the other,—Theory which scorns us, and Prejudice which hates us; yet, though coming of one stock, they are very different in their constitution, for Theory is of so ethereal a nature, that it needs nothing to feed upon; it lives on its own thoughts, and in a world of its own, whereas Prejudice is ever craving for food, victuals are in constant request for its consumption every day; and accordingly they are served up in unceasing succession, Titus Oates, Maria Monk, and Jeffreys, being the purveyors, and platform and pulpit speakers being the cooks. And this formed the subject of the third, fourth, and fifth Lectures.

Such, then, is Popular Protestantism, considered in its opposition to Catholics. Its truth is Establishment by law; its philosophy is Theory; its faith is Prejudice; its facts are Fictions; its reasonings Fallacies; and its security is Ignorance about those whom it is opposing. The Law says that white is black; Ignorance says, why not? Theory says it ought to be, Fallacy says it must be Fiction says it is, and Prejudice says it shall be.

2.

And now, what are our duties at this moment towards this enemy of ours? How are we to bear ourselves towards it? what are we to do with it? what is to come of the survey we have taken of it? with what practical remark and seasonable advice am I to conclude this attempt to determine our relation to it? The lesson we gain is obvious and simple, but as difficult, you will say, as it is simple; for the means and the end are almost identical, and in executing the one, we have already reached the other. Protestantism is fierce, because it does not know you; ignorance is its strength; error is its life. Therefore bring yourselves before it, press yourselves upon it, force yourselves into notice against its will. Oblige men to know you; persuade them, importune them, shame them into knowing you. Make it so clear what you are, that they cannot affect not to see you, nor refuse to justify you. Do not even let them off with silence, but give them no escape from confessing that you are not what they have thought you were. They will look down, they will look aside, they will look in the air, they will shut their eyes, they will keep them shut. They will do all in their power not to see you; the nearer you come, they will close their eyelids all the tighter; they will be very angry and frightened, and give the alarm as if you were going to murder them. They will do anything but look at you. They are, many of them, half conscious they have been wrong, but fear the consequences of becoming sure of it; they will think it best to let things alone, and to persist in injustice for good and all, since they have been for so long a time committed to it; they will be too proud to confess themselves mistaken; they prefer a safe cruelty to an inconvenient candour. I know it is a most grave problem how to touch so intense an obstinacy, but, observe, if you once touch it, you have done your work. There is but one step between you and success. It is a steep step, but it is one. It is a great thing to know your aim, to be saved from wasting your energies in wrong

quarters, to be able to concentrate them on a point. You have but to aim at making men look steadily at you; when they do this, I do not say they will become Catholics, but they will cease to have the means of making you a by-word and a reproach, of inflicting on you the cross of unpopularity. Wherever Catholicism is known, it is respected, or at least endured, by the people. Politicians and philosophers, and the established clergy, would be against you, but not the people, if it knew you. A religion which comes from God approves itself to the conscience of the people, wherever it is really known.

I am not advocating, as you will see presently, anything rude in your bearing, or turbulent, or offensive; but first I would impress upon you the *end* you have to aim at. Your one and almost sole object, I say, must be, to make yourselves known. This is what will do everything for you: it is what your enemies will try by might and main to hinder. They begin to have a suspicion that Catholicism, known to be what it really is, will be their overthrow. They have hitherto cherished a most monstrous idea about you. They have thought, not only that you were the vilest and basest of men, but that you were fully conscious of it yourselves, and conscious, too, that they knew it. They have fancied that you, or at least your priests, indulged in the lowest sensuality, and practised the most impudent hypocrisy, and were parties to the most stupid and brutish of frauds; and that they dared not look a Protestant in the face. Accordingly, they have considered, and have thought us quite aware ourselves, that we were in the country only on sufferance; that we were like reputed thieves and other bad characters, who, for one reason or another, are not molested in their dens of wickedness, and enjoy a contemptuous toleration, if they keep within bounds. And so, in like manner, they have thought that there was evidence enough at any moment to convict us, if they were provoked to it. What would be their astonishment, if one of the infamous persons I have supposed stood upon his rights, or obtruded himself into the haunts of fashion and good breeding? Fancy, then, how great has been their indignation, that we Catholics

should pretend to be Britons; should affect to be their equals; should dare to preach, nay, to controvert; should actually make converts, nay, worse and worse, not only should point out their mistakes, but, prodigious insolence! should absolutely laugh at the absurdity of their assertions, and the imbecility of their arguments. They are at first unable to believe their ears, when they are made sensible that we, who know so well our own worthlessness, and know that they know it, who deserve at the least the hulks or transportation, talk as loudly as we do, refuse to be still, and say that the more we are known, the more we shall be esteemed. We, who ought to go sneaking about, to crouch at their feet, and to keep our eyes on the ground, from the consciousness of their hold upon us,—is it madness, is it plot, what is it, which inspires us with such unutterable presumption? They have the might and the right on their side. They could confiscate our property, they could pack us all out of the kingdom, they could bombard Rome, they could fire St. Peter's, they could batter down the Coliseum, they could abolish the Papacy, if they pleased. Passion succeeds, and then a sort of fear, such as a brutal master might feel, who breaks into fury at the first signs of spirit in the apprentice he has long illtreated, and then quails before him as he gets older. And then how white becomes their wrath, when men of their own rank, men of intelligence, men of good connections, their relations or their friends, leave them to join the despised and dishonoured company! And when, as time goes on, more and more such instances occur, and others are unsettled, and the old landmarks are removed, and all is in confusion, and new questions and parties appear in the distance, and a new world is coming in,—when what they in their ignorance thought to be nothing turns out to be something, they know not what, and the theodolite of Laputa has utterly failed, they quake with apprehension at so mysterious a visitation, and they are mad with themselves for having ever qualified their habitual contempt with some haughty generosity towards us. A proud jealousy, a wild hate, and a perplexed dismay, almost choke them with emotion.

All this because they have not taken the trouble to know us as we are in fact:—however, you would think that they had at last gained an opening for information, when those whom they have known become the witnesses of what we are. Never so little; the friends who have left them are an embarrassment to them, not an illumination; an embarrassment, because they do but interfere with their received rule and practice of dealing with us. It is an easy thing to slander those who come of the old Catholic stock, because such persons are unknown to the world. They have lived all their days in tranquil fidelity to the creed of their forefathers, in their secluded estate, or their obscure mission, or their happy convent; they have cultivated no relations with the affairs or the interests of the day, and have never entered into the public throng of men to gain a character. They are known, in their simplicity and innocence and purity of heart, and their conscientiousness of life, to their God, to their neighbour, and to themselves, not to the world at large. If any one would defame them, he may do it with impunity; their name is not known till it is slandered, and they have no antecedents to serve as a matter for an appeal. Here, then, is the fit work for those prudent slanderers, who would secure themselves from exposure, while they deal a blow in defence of the Old Protestant Tradition. Were a recent convert, whose name is before the world, accused of some definite act of tyranny or baseness, he knows how to write and act in his defence, and he has a known reputation to protect him; therefore, ye Protestant champions, if there be an urgent need at the moment for some instance of Catholic duplicity or meanness, be sure to shoot your game sitting; keep yourselves under cover, choose some one who can be struck without striking, whom it is easy to overbear, with whom it is safe to play the bully. Let it be a prelate of advanced age and of retired habits, or some gentle nun, whose profession and habits are pledges that she cannot retaliate. Triumph over the old man and the woman. Open your wide mouth, and collect your rumbling epithets, and your round pretentious sentences, and discharge your concentrated malignity, on the

defenceless. Let it come down heavily on them to their confusion; and a host of writers, in print and by the post, will follow up the outrage you have commenced. But beware of the converts, for they are known; and to them you will not be safe in imputing more than the ordinary infirmities of humanity. With them you must deal in the contrary way. Men of rank, men of station, men of ability, in short, men of name, what are we to do with them? Cover them up, bury them; never mention them in print, unless a chance hint can be dropped to their disadvantage. Shake your heads, whisper about in society, and detail in private letters the great change which has come over them. They are not the same persons; they have lost their fine sense of honour, and so suddenly, too; they are under the dominion of new and bad masters. Drop their acquaintance; meet them and pass them by, and tell your friends you were so pained you could not speak to them; be sure you do nothing whatever to learn from them anything about the Catholic faith; know nothing at all about their movements, their object, or their life. Read none of their books; let no one read them who is under your influence; however, you may usefully insert in your newspapers half sentences from their writings, or any passing report, which can be improved to their disadvantage. Not a word more; let not even their works be advertised. Ignore those who never can be ignored, never can be forgotten; and all for this,—that by the violation of every natural feeling, and every sacred tie, you may keep up that profound ignorance of the Catholic Religion which the ascendency of Protestantism requires.

3.

These are but snatches and glimpses, my Brothers of the Oratory, of the actual state of the case; of the intense determination of Protestants to have nothing to do with us, and nothing true to say of us; and of the extreme arduousness of that task to which I think we should all direct our exertions. The post must be carried; in it lies the fortune of the day. Our opponents are secretly

conscious of it too; else why should they so strenuously contest it? They must be made to know us as we are; they must be made to know our religion as it is, not as they fancy it; they must be made to look at us, and they are overcome. This is the work which lies before you in your place and in your measure, and I would advise you about it thus:—

Bear in mind, then, that, as far as defamation and railing go, your enemies have done their worst. There is nothing which they have not said, which they do not daily say, against your religion, your priests and yourselves. They have exhausted all their weapons, and you have nothing to fear, for you have nothing to lose. They call your priests distinctly liars: they can but cry the old fables over and over again, though they are sadly worse for wear. They have put you beyond the pale of civilized society; they have made you the outlaws of public opinion; they treat you, in the way of reproach and slander, worse than they treat the convict or the savage. You cannot in any way move them by smiles, or by tears, or by remonstrance. You can show them no attention; you can give them no scandal. Court them, they are not milder; be rude to them, they cannot be more violent. You cannot make them think better of you, or worse. They hold no terms with you; you have not even the temptation to concede to them. You have not the temptation to give and take; you have not the temptation to disguise or to palter. You have the strength of desperation, and desperation does great things. They have made you turn to bay. Whatever occurs, if there be a change at all, it must be a change for the better: you cannot be disadvantaged by the most atrocious charges, for you are sure to be the objects of such, whatever you do. You are set loose from the fear of man: it is of no use to say to yourselves, "What will people say?" No, the Supreme Being must be your only Fear, as He is your only Reward.

Next, look at the matter more closely; it is not so bad as it seems. Who are these who obstinately refuse to know you? When I say, "They have done their worst," what is their "worst," and who are "they?" This is an

all-important question; perhaps I shall have some difficulty in bringing out what I mean, but when you once get into my idea, there will be no degrees in your understanding it. Consider, then, that "they" means, in the main, certain centres of influence in the metropolis; first, a great proportion of members of both Houses of Parliament; next, the press; thirdly, the Societies whose haunt or home is Exeter Hall; fourthly, the pulpits of the Establishment, and of a good part of the Dissenters. These are our accusers; these spread abroad their calumnies; these are meant by "they." Next, what is their "worst?" whom do they influence? They influence the population of the whole of Great Britain, and the British Empire, so far as it is British and not Catholic; and they influence it so as to make it believe that Catholicism and all Catholics are professed and habitual violators of the moral law, of the precepts of truth, honesty, purity, and humanity. If this be so, you may ask me what I can mean by saying that the "worst" is not so bad as it looks? but after all, things might be much worse.

Think a moment: what is it to me what people think of me a hundred miles off, compared with what they think of me at home? It is nothing to me what the four ends of the world think of me; I care nought for the British Empire more than for the Celestial in this matter, provided I can be sure what Birmingham thinks of me. The question, I say, is, What does Birmingham think of me? and if I have a satisfactory answer to that, I can bear to be without a satisfactory answer about any other town or district in England. This is a great principle to keep in view.

And now I am coming to a second. I grant the whole power of the Metropolis is against us, and I grant it is quite out of the question to attempt to gain it over on our side. It is true, there are various individual members of Parliament who are our co-religionists or our friends, but they are few among many; there are newspapers which act generously towards us, but they form a small minority; there are a few Protestant clergy who would be not quite carried away by the stream, if left to themselves. Granted: but still, I am forced to allow that the

great metropolitan intellect cannot be reached by us, and for this simple reason, because you cannot confront it, you cannot make it know you. I said your victory was to lie in forcing upon others a personal knowledge of you, in your standing before your enemies face to face. But what face has a metropolitan journal? how are you to get at it? how are you to look into it? whom are you to look at? who is to look at you? No one is known in London; it is the realm of the incognito and the anonymous; it is not a place, it is a region or a state. There is no such thing as local opinion in the metropolis; mutual personal knowledge, there is none; neighbourhood, good fame, bad repute, there is none; no house knows the next door. You cannot make an impression on such an ocean of units; it has no disposition, no connection of parts. The great instrument of propagating moral truth is personal knowledge. A man finds himself in a definite place; he grows up in it and into it; he draws persons around him; they know him, he knows them; thus it is that ideas are born which are to live, that works begin which are to last. * It is this personal knowledge of each other which is true public opinion; local opinion is real public opinion; but there is not, there cannot be, such in London. How is a man to show what he is, when he is but a grain of sand out of a mass, without relations to others, without a place, without antecedents, without individuality? Crowds pour along the streets, and, though each has his own character written on high, they are one and all the same to men below. And this impersonality, as it may be called, pervades the whole metropolitan system. A man, not known, writes a leading article against what?—things? no; but ideas. He writes against Catholicism: what is Catholicism? can you touch it? point at it? no; it is an idea before his mind. He clothes it with certain attributes, and forthwith it goes all over the country that a certain idea or vision, called Catholicism, has certain other ideas, bad ones, connected with it. You see it is all a matter of ideas, and abstractions, and conceptions. Well, this leading article goes on to speak of certain in-

* *Vide* the author's Oxford University Sermons, No. V.

dividual Catholic priests; still, does it see them? point at them? no, it does but give their names; it is a matter, not of persons, but of names; and those names, sure enough, go over the whole country and empire as the names of rogues, or of liars, or of tyrants, as the case may be; while they themselves, the owners of them, in their own persons are not at all the worse for it, but eat, sleep, pray, and do their work, as freely and as easily as before. London cannot touch them, for words hurt no one; words cannot hurt us, till—till when? till they are taken up, believed, in the very place where we individually dwell. Ah! this is a very different kind of public opinion; it is local opinion; I spoke of it just now, and it concerns us very nearly.

I say, it is quite another thing when the statements which a metropolitan paper makes about me, and the empire believes, are actually taken up in the place where I live. It is a very different thing, and a very serious matter; but, observe the great principle we have arrived at; it is this:—that popular opinion only acts through local opinion. The opinion of London can only act on an individual through the opinion of his own place; metropolitan opinion can only act on me through Birmingham opinion. London abuses Catholics. "Catholic" is a word: where is the thing? in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Birmingham, in Leeds, in Sheffield, in Nottingham. Did all the London papers prove that all Catholics were traitors, where must this opinion be carried out? Not in the air, not in leading articles, not in an editor's room; but in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Birmingham, in Leeds, in Sheffield, in Nottingham. So, in order to carry out your London manifesto, you must get the people of Birmingham, Manchester, and the rest, to write their names after it; else, nothing comes of its being a metropolitan opinion, or an imperial opinion, or its being any other great idea whatever:—you must get Birmingham to believe it of Birmingham Catholics, and Manchester to believe it of Manchester Catholics. So, you see, these great London leading articles have only done half their work, or rather, have not begun it, by proving to the world that all Catholics are traitors, till

they come out of their abstractions and generalities, and for the "world," are able to substitute Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool; and for "all Catholics," to substitute Catholics of Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool; and to get each place in particular to accept what the great metropolis says, and the Empire believes, in the general.

And now comes another important consideration: it is not at all easy to get a particular place, at the word of London, to accept about its own neighbourhood in particular what London says of all places in the general. Did London profess to tell us about the price of iron generally, if it gained its information from Birmingham, and other iron markets in particular, well and good; but if it came forward with great general views of its own, I suspect that Birmingham would think it had a prior voice in the question, and would not give up its views at the bidding of any metropolitan journal. And the case is the same as regards Catholicism: London may declaim about Catholics in general, but Birmingham will put in a claim to judge of them in particular; and when Birmingham becomes the judge, London falls into the mere office of accuser, and the accused may be heard in his defence. Thus, a Catholic of Birmingham can act on Birmingham, though he cannot act on London, and this is the important practical point to which I have been coming all along. I wish you to turn your eyes upon that local opinion, which is so much more healthy, English, and Christian than popular or metropolitan opinion; for it is an opinion, not of ideas, but of things; not of words, but of facts; not of names, but of persons; it is perspicuous, real, and sure. It is little to me, as far as my personal well-being is concerned, what is thought of Catholicism through the empire, or what is thought of me by the metropolis, if I know what is thought of me in Birmingham. London cannot act on me except through Birmingham, and Birmingham indeed can act on me, but I can act on Birmingham. Birmingham can look on me, and I can look on Birmingham. This is a place of persons, and a place of facts; there is far more fairness in a place like this than in a metropolis, or at

least fairness is uppermost. Newspapers are, from the nature of the case, and almost in spite of themselves, conducted here on a system more open and fairer than the metropolitan system. A Member of Parliament in London might say that I had two heads, and refuse to retract it, though I solemnly denied it; it would not be believed in Birmingham. All the world might believe it; it might be the theme of county meetings; the Prime Minister might introduce it into the Queen's speech; it might be the subject of most eloquent debates, and most exciting divisions; it might be formally communicated to all the European courts; the stocks might fall, a stream of visitors set in from Russia, Egypt, and the United States, at the news; it would not be believed in Birmingham; local opinion would carry it hollow against popular opinion.

You see, then, Brothers of the Oratory, where your success lies, and how you are to secure it. Never mind the London press; never mind Exeter Hall; never mind perambulating orators or solemn meetings: let them alone, they do not affect local opinion. They are a blaze amid the stubble; they glare, and they expire. Do not dream of converting the public opinion of London; you cannot, and you need not. Look at home, there lies your work; what you have to do, and what you can do, are one and the same. Prove to the people of Birmingham, as you can prove to them, that your priests and yourselves are not without conscience, or honour, or morality; prove it to them, and it matters not though every man, woman, and child, within the London bills of mortality were of a different opinion. That metropolitan opinion would in that case be powerless, when it attempted to bear upon Birmingham; it would not work; there would be a hitch and a block; you would be a match where you were seen, for a whole world where you were not seen. I do not undervalue the influence of London; many things its press can do; some things it cannot do; it is imprudent when it impinges on facts. If, then, a battle is coming on, stand on your own ground, not on that of others; take care of yourselves; be found where you are known; make yourselves and your religion

known more and more, for in that knowledge is your victory. Truth will out; truth is mighty and will prevail. We have an instance of it before our eyes; why is it that some persons here have the hardihood to be maintaining Maria Monk's calumnies? because those calumnies bear upon a place over the ocean; why did they give up Jeffreys? because he spoke of a place close at hand. You cannot go to Montreal; you can go to Whitwick; therefore, as regards Whitwick, the father of lies eats his words and gives up Jeffreys, to get some credit for candour, when he can get nothing else. Who can doubt, that, if that same personage went over to Canada, he would give up Maria Monk as false, and take up Jeffreys as true? Yes, depend on it, when he next ships off to New York, he will take the veritable account of the persecuted Jeffreys in his pocket, with an interesting engraving of his face as a frontispiece. So certain, so necessary is all this, my Brothers, that I do not mind giving you this advice in public. An enemy might say in his heart, "Here is a priest fool enough to show his game!" I have no game; I have nothing to conceal; I do not mind who knows what I mark out for you, for nothing can frustrate it. I have an intense feeling in me as to the power and victoriousness of truth. It has a blessing from God upon it. Satan himself can but retard its ascendency, he cannot prevent it.

4.

This, I would say, Brothers of the Oratory, not only to you, but, if I had a right to do so, to the Catholics of England generally. Let each stand on his own ground; let each approve himself in his own neighbourhood; if each portion is defended, the whole is secured. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. Let the London press alone; do not appeal to it; do not expostulate with it; do not flatter it; care not for popular opinion, cultivate local. And then if troubled times come on, and the enemy rages, and his many voices go forth from one centre all through

England, threatening and reviling us, and muttering, in his cowardly way, about brickbats, bludgeons, and lighted brands, why in that case the Birmingham people will say, "Catholics are, doubtless, an infamous set, and not to be trusted, for the *Times* says so, and Exeter Hall, and the Prime Minister, and the Bishops of the Establishment; and such good authorities cannot be wrong; but somehow an exception must certainly be made for the Catholics of Birmingham. They are not like the rest: they are indeed a shocking set at Manchester, Preston, Blackburn, and Liverpool; but, however you account for it, they are respectable men here. Priests in general are perfect monsters; but here they are certainly unblemished in their lives, and take great pains with their people. Bishops are tyrants, and, as Maria Monk says, cut-throats, always excepting the Bishop of Birmingham, who affects no state or pomp, is simple and unassuming, and always in his work." And in like manner, the Manchester people will say, "Oh, certainly, Popery is horrible, and must be kept down. Still, let us give the devil his due, they are a remarkably excellent body of men here, and we will take care no one does them any harm. It is very different at Birmingham; there they have a Bishop, and that makes all the difference; he is a Wolsey all over; and the priests, too, in Birmingham are at least one in twelve infidels. We do not recollect who ascertained this, but it was some most respectable man, who was far too conscientious and too charitable to slander any one." And thus, my Brothers, the charges against Catholics will become a sort of Hunt-the-slipper, everywhere and nowhere, and will end in "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Such is that defensive system, which I think is especially the duty of Catholics at this moment. You are attacked on many sides; do not look about for friends on the right hand or on the left. Trust neither Assyria nor Egypt; trust no body of men. Fall back on yourselves, and trust none but yourselves. I do not mean you must not be grateful to individuals who are generous to you, but beware of parties; all parties are your enemies; beware of alliances. You are your own best,

and sure, and sufficient friends; no one can really hurt you but yourselves; no one can succour you but yourselves. Be content to have your conscience clear, and your God on your side.

Your strength lies in your God and your conscience; therefore it lies not in your number. It lies not in your number any more than in intrigue, or combination, or worldly wisdom. God saves whether by many or by few; you are to aim at showing forth His light, at diffusing "the sweet odour of His knowledge in every place:" numbers would not secure this. On the contrary, the more you grew, the more you might be thrown back into yourselves, by the increased animosity and jealousy of your enemies. You are enabled in some measure to mix with them while you are few; you might be thrown back upon yourselves, when you became many. The line of demarcation might be more strictly observed; there might be less intercourse and less knowledge. It would be a terrible state of things to be growing in material power, and growing too in a compulsory exclusiveness. Grow you must; I know it; it is your destiny; it is the necessity of the Catholic name, it is the prerogative of the Apostolical heritage; but a material extension without a corresponding moral manifestation, it is almost awful to anticipate; awful, if there should be the sun of justice within you, with so little power to cast the illumination of its rays upon the multitudes without. On the other hand, even if you did not grow, you might be able to dispense on all sides of you the royal light of Truth, and exert an august moral influence upon the world. This is what I want; I do not want growth, except of course for the sake of the souls of those who are the increment; but I want you to rouse yourselves to understand where you are, to know yourselves. I would aim primarily at organisation, edification, cultivation of mind, growth of the reason. It is a moral force, not a material, which will vindicate your profession, and will secure your triumph. It is not giants who do most. How small was the Holy Land! yet it subdued the world. How poor a spot was Attica! yet it has formed the intellect. Moses was one, Elias

was one, David was one, Paul was one, Athanasius was one, Leo was one. Grace ever works by few; it is the keen vision, the intense conviction, the indomitable resolve of the few, it is the blood of the martyr, it is the prayer of the saint, it is the heroic deed, it is the momentary crisis, it is the concentrated energy of a word or a look, which is the instrument of heaven. Fear not, little flock, for He is mighty who is in the midst of you, and will do for you great things.

As troubles and trials circle round you, He will give you what you want at present,—"a mouth, and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to resist and gainsay." "There is a time for silence, and a time to speak;" the time for speaking has come. What I desiderate in Catholics is the gift of bringing out what their religion is; it is one of those "better gifts," of which the Apostle bids you be "zealous." You must not hide your talent in a napkin, or your light under a bushel. I want a laity, not arrogant, not rash in speech, not disputatious, but men who know their religion, who enter into it, who know just where they stand, who know what they hold, and what they do not, who know their creed so well, that they can give an account of it, who know so much of history that they can defend it. I want an intelligent, well-instructed laity; I am not denying you are such already: but I mean to be severe, and, as some would say, exorbitant in my demands. I wish you to enlarge your knowledge, to cultivate your reason, to get an insight into the relation of truth to truth, to learn to view things as they are, to understand how faith and reason stand to each other, what are the bases and principles of Catholicism, and where lie the main inconsistencies and absurdities of the Protestant theory. I have no apprehension you will be the worse Catholics for familiarity with these subjects, provided you cherish a vivid sense of God above, and keep in mind that you have souls to be judged and to be saved. In all times the laity have been the measure of the Catholic spirit; they saved the Irish Church three centuries ago, and they betrayed the Church in England. Our rulers were true, our people were cowards. You ought to be able to bring

out what you feel and what you mean, as well as to feel and mean it; to expose to the comprehension of others the fictions and fallacies of your opponents; and to explain the charges brought against the Church, to the satisfaction, not, indeed, of bigots, but of men of sense, of whatever cast of opinion. And one immediate effect of your being able to do all this will be your gaining that proper confidence in self which is so necessary for you. You will then not even have the temptation to rely on others, to court political parties or particular men; they will rather have to court you. You will no longer be dispirited or irritated (if such is at present the case), at finding difficulties in your way, in being called names, in not being believed, in being treated with injustice. You will fall back upon yourselves; you will be calm, you will be patient. Ignorance is the root of all littleness: he who can realise the law of moral conflicts, and the incoherence of falsehood, and the issue of perplexities, and the end of all things, and the Presence of the Judge, becomes, from the very necessity of the case, philosophical, long-suffering, and magnanimous.

5.

Cultivation of mind, I know well, is not the same thing as religious principle, but it contributes much to remove from our path the temptation to many lesser forms of moral obliquity. Human nature, left to itself, is susceptible of innumerable feelings, more or less unbecoming, indecorous, petty, and miserable. It is, in no long time, clad and covered by a host of little vices and disgraceful infirmities, jealousies, slynesses, cowardices, frettings, resentments, obstinacies, crookedness in viewing things, vulgar conceit, impertinence, and selfishness. Mental cultivation, though it does not of itself touch the greater wounds of human nature, does a good deal for these lesser defects. In proportion as our intellectual horizon recedes, and we mount up in the knowledge of men and things, so do we make progress in those qualities and that character of mind which we denote by the word "gentleman;" and, if

this applies in its measure to the case of all men, whatever their religious principles, much more is it true of a Catholic. Your opponents, my Brothers, are too often emphatically *not* gentlemen: but it will be for you, in spite of whatever provocations you may meet with, to be manly and noble in your bearing towards them; to be straightforward in your dealings with them; to show candour, generosity, honourable feeling, good sense, and forbearance, in spite of provocation; to refrain from taking unfair or small advantages over them; to meet them half way, if they show relentings; not to fret at insults, to bear imputations, and to interpret the actions of all in the best sense you possibly can. It is not only more religious, not only more becoming, not only happier, to have these excellent dispositions of mind, but it is far the most likely way, in the long run, to persuade and succeed. You see I am speaking to you almost in a worldly way; I do not speak to you of Christian charity, lest I should adopt a tone too high for the occasion.

When men see this, they may attempt other weapons; and the more serious you are, they may make the greater efforts to pour contempt and ridicule upon you. But ridicule will not hurt you, as it hurts other religious bodies; they hate and fear Catholicism—they cannot really laugh at it. They may laugh at individuals or at details connected with it, but not at Catholicism itself. Indeed, I am disposed, in one sense, to allow the maxim of the unbeliever, which has before now given rise to so much discussion—viz., that ridicule is the test of truth. Methodism is ridiculous, so is Puritanism; it is not so with the Catholic Religion; it may be, and is, maligned and defamed; ridiculed it cannot be. It is too real, too earnest, too vigorous, to have aught to fear from the most brilliant efforts of the satirist or the wit.

You will not be able to silence your opponents; do not be surprised at it; that will not show that they do not secretly respect you. Men move in parties; what shows on the surface is no index of what is felt within. When they have made assertions, they cannot withdraw them, the shame is so great; so they go on blustering, and wishing themselves out of the awkward position in

which they stand. Truth is great: a blow is struck within them; they are unnerved by the secret consciousness of failure; they are angry with themselves; and though they do not like you at all the better for it, they will be more cautious another time. They speak less confidently henceforth; or, even if they harden themselves, and are as bold as before, others do not go with them; public opinion does not respond to them; and a calumny, which at first was formidable, falls on closed hearts and unwilling ears, and takes no root in the community at large.

This is what I think probable; I will not anticipate it can be otherwise; but still, supposing there is that prejudice existing, which, like a deep soil, is able to receive any amount of false witness, of scurrility, of buffoonery, of sophistry, when directed against the Catholic Religion, and that the contempt and hatred at present felt against its adherents is kindled, by their increasing strength and intelligence, into a fiercer, prouder feeling,—what then? *noli æmulari*, be not jealous, fret not. You are not as others; you have that in you which others have not. You have in you an unearthly gift; the gift, not only of contending boldly, but of suffering well. It will not happen, it must not be expected; and yet I confess I have not that confidence on the subject which I had a year since, when I said that Catholics never could be persecuted again in England. It will not be so: yet late events have shown, that, though I never have underrated the intense prejudice which prevails against us, I did overrate that Anglo-Saxon love of justice and fair dealing which I thought would be its match. Alas! that I should have to say so, but it is no matter to the Catholic, though much matter to the Englishman. It is no matter to us, because, as I have said, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." I do not, cannot think, a time of serious trial is at hand: I would not willingly use big words, or provoke what is so dreadful, or seem to accomplish it by suggesting it. And for myself, I confess I have no love of suffering at all; nor am I at a time of life when a man commonly loves to risk it. To be quiet

and to be undisturbed, to be at peace with all, to live in the sight of my brethren, to meditate on the future, and to die,—such is the prospect, which is rather suitable to such as me. Yet, my Brothers, I have no doubt at all, either about myself or about Catholics generally, if trial came. I doubt not we should suffer any trial well, not from nature, but from grace; not from what we are in ourselves, but from the wonder-working power which is amongst us, and which fills us as vessels, according to our various dimensions.

6

Not every age is of Saints, but no age is not the age of Martyrs. Look into the history of the Church; you find many instances of men trained up by laborious courses of discipline through a long life, or a period of many years. Slowly, silently, perseveringly, often opposed by their own people, for a while looked on with suspicion even by good Catholics, lest they should be extravagant or intemperate, or self-willed (for time is necessary, as the proof of things), setting about heroic works, acting, suffering with superhuman faith, with superhuman patience, with superhuman love, and then at length dying, not by violence, but in peace,—these are what I have called by pre-eminence Saints, being the great specimens of their kind, as contrasted with Martyrs. They are the produce, generally speaking, of the prosperous times of the Church, I mean when the Church is in favour of the world, and is in possession of riches, learning, power, and name. The first in history of these great creations of God, is that glorious name, St. Athanasius: then they follow so thick, that I cannot enumerate them: St. Chrysostom, almost a martyr too, St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nazianzus, St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome; in very distinct spheres of religious duty, but all of them heroes. Such, too, was St. Benedict, such St. Leo, such St. Gregory the First, St. Romuald, St. Gregory the Seventh, St. Bernard, St. Francis, St. Thomas of Aquinum, St. Ignatius, St. Vincent of Paul. As far as human eyes can see, we have none such on

earth at present; nor again, is our age like their age. Ours is not an age of temporal glory, of dutiful princes, of loyal governments, of large possessions, of ample leisure, of famous schools, of learned foundations, of well-stored libraries, of honoured sanctuaries. Rather, it is like the first age of the Church, when there was little of station, of nobility, of learning, of wealth, in the holy heritage; when Christians were chiefly of the lower orders; when we were poor and ignorant, when we were despised and hated by the great and philosophical, as a low rabble, or a stupid and obstinate association, or a foul and unprincipled conspiracy. It is like that first age, in which no Saint is recorded in history who fills the mind as a great idea, as St. Thomas Aquinas or St. Ignatius fills it, and when the ablest of so-called Christian writers belonged to heretical schools. We certainly have little to show for ourselves; and the words of the Psalm are fulfilled in us,—"They have set fire to Thy sanctuary; they have defiled the dwelling-place of Thy name on the earth. Our signs we have not seen; there is no Prophet, and He will know us no more. How long shall the enemy reproach? is the adversary to provoke Thy name for ever?" So was it in the first age too: they were scorned and hated as we are; they were without the effulgence and the celebrity of later times. Yet had they nothing at all to show? were they without their glory? it was emphatically the age of Martyrs. The most horrible tortures which imagination can fancy, the most appalling kinds of death, were the lot, the accepted portion, the boast and joy, of those abject multitudes. Not a few merely, but by thousands, and of every condition of life, men, women, boys, girls, children, slaves, domestics, they willingly offered their life's blood, their limbs, their senses, their nerves, to the persecutor, rather than soil their faith and their profession with the slightest act which implied the denial of their Lord.

Such was the prowess of the Mother of Saints in her valley of humiliation, when she seemed to have hardly any great thought to show, or spirit, or intellect, or cultivation of mind. And who were these her children

who made this sacrifice of blood so freely? what had been their previous lives? how had they been trained? were they special men of fasting, of prayer, and of self-control? No, I repeat it, no; they were for the most part common men; it was not they who did the deed, it was not what was matured in them, it was that unfathomable ocean of faith and sanctity which flowed into, and through, and out of them, unto those tremendous manifestations of divine power. It was the narrow-minded slave, the untaught boy, the gentle maid, as well as the Bishop or the Evangelist, who took on them their cross, and smiled as they entered on their bloody way. It was the soldier of the ranks, it was the jailer or hangman suddenly converted, it was the spectator of a previous martyrdom, nay, it was even the unbaptized heathen, who with a joyful song rose up and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Nay, strange to say, in the case of such of them as had been Christians before the persecution, good and religious as they were, yet still we read of disorder and extravagance, and other lesser offences, even while in prison and in expectation of their doom, clearly showing that all of them had not that subdued and disciplined spirit which has distinguished those great lights of after times of whom I was just now speaking. Or take particular instances of Martyrdom, or what resembles it, from the first age to the present time; —what was St. Justin? a philosopher, with great secular accomplishments, but assuredly not better grounded in Christian truth than the bulk of our own laity. What was our own St. Alban, again but a Roman officer, who did a generous action, sheltered a priest, was converted by him, made confession of his faith, and went out to die? And then again, St. Hermenegild, several centuries later; a brave youth, who, by his glorious death, not only gained the crown of martyrdom, but wiped out some rash acts which history imputes to him in the course of the trial which led to it. Who was our own St. Thomas? one who with a true heart had served his Lord and led an ascetic life even when he lived in the world, but who, before his elevation to the Primacy, had indulged in a pomp and magnificence unsuitable to the condition, not

only of a priest, which he then was not, but of the inferior orders of the sacred ministry. And so, again in recent times, contemplate the heroic deaths of the martyr-priests of France during the excess of the first bloody Revolution; yet they, although men of clear conscience and good life before, seem to have had no special notes of sanctity on their characters and histories. And so again, the most recent martyr, as he may be called, of the French Church, the late Archbishop of Paris; he, indeed, had in every way adorned and sustained his diginity, by holiness of conversation and a reputation beyond reproach; and the last glorious act of his life was but in keeping with all which had gone before it. True; but it is to my point to observe that this bright example of self-devotion and paternal tenderness for his flock, is commonly said to have shrunk in anticipation, by reason of the very gentleness and sweetness of his natural disposition, from such rough contests as that to which he was ultimately called; yet, when his Lord's word came, he calmly went forth into the ranks of his infuriated people, stood between the mortal combatants, with the hope of separating them, and received the wound which suddenly took him off to his eternal reward. This, then, may be said, as a general rule, of the individual members of the "white-robed army;" they have been, for the most part, men of noble zeal and chivalrous prowess, who startled the world, startled their friends, startled themselves by what the grace that is in the Church enabled them to do. They shot up at once to their high stature, and "being perfected in a short space," as the Wise Man says, "they fulfilled a long time." Thus they shone forth, and "ran to and fro like sparks among the reeds," like those keen and sudden fires which dart forth from some electric mass, on due provocation, and intimate to us the power and intensity of the awful elements which lie concealed within it.

The Church of God cannot change; what she was that she is. What our forefathers were, such are we; we look like other men, but we have that in us, which none others have,—the latent element of an indomitable fortitude. This may not be the age of saints, but all times are the age of martyrs. The arrow is on the string, and the

arm is drawn back, and, "if the Lord give the word," great will be the multitude of His champions. O my Brothers, it is difficult for you and me to realise this; it is difficult for us to believe that we have it in us, being what we are,—but we have. And it is difficult for us to believe that this can be a time for testing it, nor do I say it is; I think it cannot be: I only say, that if it were to be a time for calling out the martyr's spirit, you and I, through God's grace, have it in us. I only mean, that it is profitable, in such lesser trials as may easily come upon us, to be reminded that we may humbly trust we have that in us, which can sustain the greatest. And it would be profitable also for our opponents, high and low, if they too would lay this to heart. It would be well for them to recollect, that there is a certain principle, which we call zeal, and they call fanaticism. Let them beware of awaking what they would, in scoffing, call the fanatical spirit of the Catholic. For years and years the Catholics of England have borne personal slander, and insult, and injustice. In their own persons, and not merely in their religious profession, have they been treated as the adherents of no other creed have been treated, with scorn, hatred, and cruelty. Men have shrunk from coming near them and have almost discarded from their society those who did; as if inflicting on them the greater excommunication, as upon those who were the extremest reprobates and blasphemers on the face of the earth. They have borne, and they bear, an ill-usage, which, in its mildest and most amiable form, has never risen higher than pity and condescension. They have borne, and they bear, to be "the heathen's jest," waiting till the morning breaks, and a happier day begins.

So has it been with us up to this hour, but let our enemies remember that, while they have their point of honour, we have ours. They have stripped us of power, wealth, name, and station; they have left us nothing but our Apostolical inheritance. And now they wish to take from us the "little ewe-lamb," which is our only treasure. There was a saying of old, "Let alone Camarina, for 'tis best let alone." Let them, as sensible men,—I do not say, accept Catholicism as true, but

admit it into their imagination as a fact. A story goes about of a sagacious statesman and monarch of our own time, who, when urged by some of his advisers to come to an open rupture with the Holy See, made answer, "If you can put your finger upon the page of history, and point out any one instance, in which any civil power quarrelled with Rome with honour and success in the event, I will accede to your wishes." And it has lately been given to the world, how that sagacious politician, apostate priest as he was, Prince Talleyrand, noted it as one of Napoleon's three great political mistakes, that he quarrelled with the Pope. There is only one way of success over us, possible even in idea,—a wholesale massacre. Let them exterminate us, as they have done before, kill the priests, decimate the laity; and they have for a while defeated the Pope. They have no other way; they may gain a material victory, never a moral one.

7.

These are thoughts to comfort and sustain us, whatever trial lies before us. I might pursue them farther, but it is enough to have suggested them. Nothing more remains for me to do, but, in commending myself to your good thoughts, my Brothers, to thank those also, who, though not of our communion, have honoured me with their attendance. If I might take the liberty of addressing them directly, I would anxiously entreat them to think over what I have said, even though they have not been altogether pleased at my manner of saying it. Minds, and judgments, and tastes, are so very different, that I cannot hope to have approved myself to all, even though they be well disposed towards me, nay, to any one at all so fully, but that he may have thought that some things might have been said better, and some things were better omitted altogether. Yet I entreat them to believe that I have uttered nothing at random, but have had reasons, both for what I said and my manner of saying it. It is easy to fancy a best way of doing things, but very difficult to find it: and often what is called the best way is, in

the very nature of things, not positively good, but only better than other ways. And really, in the present state of things, it is difficult to say anything in behalf of Catholicism, if it is to make any impression, without incurring grave criticism of one kind or another; and quite impossible so to say it, as not grievously to offend those whom one is opposing. But, after all, in spite of all imperfections, which are incident to the doings of every mortal man, and in spite of the differences of judgments, which will make those imperfections greater than they are, I do trust there is a substance of truth in what I have said, which will last, and produce its effect somewhere or other. Good is never done except at the expense of those who do it: truth is never enforced except at the sacrifice of its propounders. At least, they expose their inherent imperfections, if they incur no other penalty; for nothing would be done at all, if a man waited till he could do it so well, that no one could find fault with it.

Under these circumstances, then, what can I desire and pray for but this?—that what I have said well may be blest to those who have heard it, and that what I might have said better, may be blest to me by increasing my dissatisfaction with myself; that I may cheerfully resign myself to such trouble or anxiety as necessarily befalls any one who has spoken boldly on an unpopular subject in a difficult time, with the confidence that no trouble or anxiety but will bring some real good with it in the event, to those who have acted in sincerity, and by no unworthy methods, and with no selfish aim.

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